THE SMART SET

A Magazine of Cleverness

To Amuse. Not to Instruct

THE HATER OF MEDIOCRITY

TARNISHED BRASS

THE SPANISH KNIFE

MAY DAY

THE DAUGHTER OF THE BERNSTEINS

UPPER TEN

THE POOR OLD THING

AND MANY OTHER STORIES, POEMS, ETC.

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THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

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Editor—J. W. MILNE

JULY, 1920

FEMININE INTUITION	Eleanor Maxwell Farnham	205
CODA	T. F. Mitchell	206
THE GARDEN	Harold Cook	206
THE SPANISH KNIFE	Rita Wellman	207
SEEING IS BELIEVING	David Schwartz	218
JULY	John Russell McCarthy	218
MAY WOODS	Sara Teasdale	218
TARNISHED BRASS	J. B. Hawley	219
COMPENSATION	Peter Quinn	224
OH, MISTER YESTERDAY!	J. V. A. Weaver	224
MAY DAY	F. Scott Fitzgerald	225
PEACE ON EARTH	Van Vechten Hostetter	255
YELLOW JONQUILS	Edna Chalmers	258
MIST	Gamaliel Bradford	258
THE HATER OF MEDIOCRITY	Agnes Boulton	259
LAST DAWN	Jeannette Marks	264
THE DAUGHTER OF THE BERNSTEINS	Richmond Brooks Barrett	265
IN THE MARKET PLACE	Glenn Ward Dresbach	273
MODESTY	Talbot Timeous	274
LYRIC	Oscar C. Williams	274
THE POOR OLD THING	Victor Henderson	275
PATRICK ON THE MOUNTAIN	Elisabeth Sanxay Holding	281
THE WANDERER	John Hanlon	288
UPPER TEN	Charles Hanson Towne	289
DURESS	Babette Deutsch	300
ABOUT FASHIONS AND OTHER THINGS	Mary Pitcairn	302

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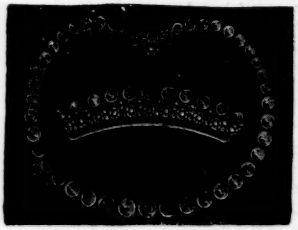

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Needless to say, the beautiful sentiment of this statement was punctuated by "Loud applause" by the merry shareholders.

Therefore the young and brilliant business men of this nation, a great number of whom are the survivors of five years' fighting for their country, may now consider themselves "down and out." So again the poor dog has none.

And if the young men are daring or desperate enough to compete with the "old-established firms" under a terrific handicap, and with a colossal discount on their returns, what will become of the money?

It will be squandered by the most ruthless, extravagant Government the world has ever known.

The Excess Profits Tax is the Excessive Profligates Tax on Youth.

It is the Bolshevist finance. For the killing of Progress is the shortest cut to national bankruptcy and ruin.

When nations become anthropophagous it is the beginning of their decay.

Personally, I suppose I shall soon be compelled to live a frugal and virtuous life in a little hut in a forest. But I should have liked to have been left with enough to live an irresponsible life in two little huts in two little forests.

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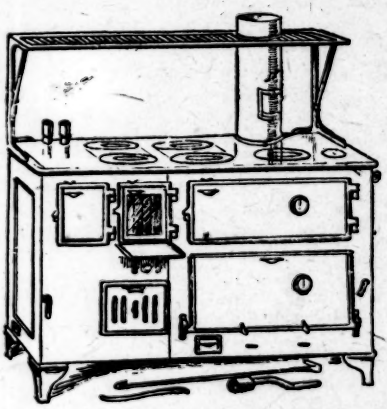

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Vol. LXI JULY, 1920 No. 3

FEMININE INTUITION

By Eleanor Maxwell Farnham

SHE sat in a strong relentless north light before her dressing table and studied her face with satisfied intensity. There was not a line, not a wrinkle visible. The skin was smooth, firm, elastic. She touched her cheeks with a light kiss of rouge and instantly the complexion glowed with the lovely florescence of healthy youth. A tiny dark shadow at the corners of her beautiful eyes, laid on with discriminating care, gave them the lustrous quality of adolescence.

Her teeth showed white and perfect between smiling lips which needed no carmine on their luscious curves; in the dark hair which lay in close shining waves along her temples and over the tips of her small pink ears there was no thread of white.

Her figure was slim but with a roundness that intrigued even the most drowsy imagination—it was flexible, buoyant; her every movement was vivid girlish grace.

She dressed slowly and carefully. When at last she was ready for the street she paused a moment before the tall pier glass and gazed with comfortable satisfaction at the vision of triumphant youth which smiled back at her from the truthful mirror.

At the corner she passed a baby being wheeled along in its perambulator by a capped nurse girl. The baby saw her, gurgled joyfully and stretched out little eager arms. "Sis-ter!" it called distinctly. A few steps further on a man turned to look after her, murmuring under his breath, "Gad, what a pretty girl!"

And yet in the next block three laughing, careless girls without a moment's hesitation stood respectfully back and allowed her to board the car before them.

CODA

By T. F. Mitchell

HE lay there breathing slowly. Gradually his ears were filled with music, music to which the collected symphonies of earth were but overtones. Perfumes richer a thousand times than the most exotic and delicate Cologne were wafted over him. He caught glimpses of light, whirling colours, flashes of sparkling stars, a gleam of a boundless universe in which the universe he knew seemed but a melancholy spark. Louder and louder swelled the music, clouds of perfume enveloped him, and with the glitter of ten thousand suns the light rushed toward him.

His wife and relatives stood about his bedside.

"How terrible to die without religious consolation!" they wailed.

THE GARDEN

By Harold Cook

LIKE the gesture of a god
You moved through the garden.
And each day after
Was more lovely there:
Trees bent as trees do on the hilltops of heaven,
And flower cups flowed over,
Being filled with stars . . .

THERE are two kinds of men: those who do what their wives tell them, and those who never marry.

GENIUS: a fellow who can make a billion dollars or deceive a red-haired woman.

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THE SPANISH KNIFE

By Rita Wellman

IT was a beautiful hallway. While we waited there for Miss Turner's secretary, Simpson and I examined the ornaments which were crowded into the small space with museum-like profusion. Jars and sculptures of the Ming Dynasty. A collection of oriental perfume and spice bottles, beautifully carved and harmonized. The draperies were centuries old, embroideries from China and Persia.

Simpson went about, peering at everything in his near-sighted way.

"These are the trinkets a young Sappho would take with her to her final rest," he said.

"Final rest!"

We exchanged a glance. Just then a young woman spoke behind us.

"I am Miss Murray, Miss Turner's secretary," she said in a quiet, low voice.

She was pretty. She had the hard, keen eyes of disillusioned youth. I felt the failure of civilization in this young girl's eyes.

"Will you come with me?" she asked with a little note of quiet authority.

We followed her down the soft carpet, past many shining doors, into a large bedroom. It was a beautiful room, self-consciously theatrical. An enormous window, like that of a church, let in soft violet light from its tinted panes. The gold walls, with their close clustered rose lights, threw off a strange, indefinable radiance.

Our eyes, once they had left the window, rested upon an enormous bed, like a throne, or a great royal coach, which occupied nearly all of the wall at our right. It was hung with purple draperies, but their sombreness was relieved by the gleaming gold silk of the canopy, flushed as it was by the light of a hanging rose lamp. This lamp sent warm rays down upon the figure of a woman, whose white skin gleamed like sea foam against the dark, purple velvet of the bed covering. She lay face down, her red hair spread above her head like a shimmering copper shield.

I went forward, and lifted the body. The wound was a clean heart wound, made with a sharp, small knife, probably one of those ornamental, cruel Spanish knives.

Although the woman had evidently been murdered, there was no sign of a struggle. The exquisite features of the face wore an expression of surprise. Death had found her in all her glory, and had possessed her suddenly and ruthlessly like an unwanted lover.

Before the bed was a mound of satin and lace, crumpled, scented things, as pathetic as the dropped petals of a dying rose.

"We have obeyed your orders," the young secretary told us. "You see we have touched nothing."

In a niche, we came upon the large walnut table which had been used by Miss Turner as a desk. It was covered with scattered papers, and the morocco letter case was filled. In a conspicuous place on the table was the blue-covered manuscript, from which the young actress had been studying her rôle in the play which, even now, was announced to have its première to-night.

I picked up the manuscript and glanced at the title-page.

As I did so, my eye fell upon the other pages, and I at once called Simpson over to me, where I showed him

how all of the speeches which were to have been Miss Turner's were heavily crossed out in black ink.

Simpson took the manuscript and examined it closely.

"Professional jealousy!" he said.

"Is there any handwriting?" I asked.

"Yes, here—'*You smile sadly, and then turn to go. You wait, giving the audience time to see you perfectly, then turn, look at him in silence, and go off sadly and slowly.*'"

"We'll take the manuscript," I said.

We examined the letters. Bills from milliners and perfumers. Invitations to speak at dramatic clubs. Letters of praise and adulation from prominent people all over the world. Offers of marriage. Letters of praise and adulation from nonentities all over the world. There was nothing of interest to us. We found a sheet of violet note-paper on which the actress, herself, had written:

DEAR MISS ———:

It was so sweet of you to think of me. We actresses appreciate praise, especially from strangers, and I cannot tell you how good it is to know that young girls really like me. Some day—

Here there had come an interruption. The murderer—or *murderess!*

In the bathroom we found no trace of blood. The only dangerous drug was a sleeping powder made up from a doctor's prescription.

In a small study, the walls of which were lined with handsomely bound editions of plays and French novels, I questioned Miss Murray, Miss Turner's secretary.

"Had she any enemies?"

"Miss Turner! None. Everyone loved her. She never forgot anyone. It was her policy."

"You said her jewels were untouched?"

"Absolutely."

"Nothing was taken from the apartment? You are sure?"

"Certain."

"There was no one at the theatre, perhaps, who could have wished to take her place in the new play?"

"No one. Miss Turner was the only one fitted for the rôle, and the others knew it."

"Do actresses ever know when they are unfitted for a rôle?"

Miss Murray's eyes were completely sober.

"That I cannot say," she replied, waiting patiently for me to get through with my questioning.

"Miss Turner," I went on, "—I don't know exactly how to put it—was in the habit of receiving friends here—a gentleman, in fact, at informal times?"

"No."

"Are you certain of that? Wasn't there a certain man who came here when she was quite alone?"

"Several did."

"Oh, I see! The night of the murder—one of these gentlemen came to see her."

"We all leave when she is leaving for the theatre after dinner. No one remains. Not even her maid."

"Then if a gentleman did come here that night—or a woman—I should have to find out by questioning the man who runs the lift, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, I suppose you would."

My eyes met Miss Murray's.

"*You* never remain later than the others?" I asked, bluntly.

I thought I saw her waver for a second. Then a smile of amusement came across her thin lips.

"No," she answered firmly.

"How long were you with Miss Turner?" I asked.

"Three years."

"You were very fond of her, I suppose?"

"No."

I looked up from my notes quickly.

"Be careful what you say, Miss Murray," I warned her. "These talks are of the greatest importance, and anything you say now may be used against you later on."

"I was not fond of Miss Turner," Miss Murray said evenly, her disillusioned, clear eyes keeping mine.

"Wasn't she good to you?"

"Very."

"Considerate?"

Miss Murray shrugged her square shoulders.

"You must have admired her as a woman of genius, of charming personality, a woman of beauty and distinction."

"No," Miss Murray said quietly, "I did not admire her."

"She had traits which were unpleasant to witness day after day? What was the one you admired the least?"

Miss Murray paused and looked toward the hall, where the door of the violet bedroom stood partly open. Then her eyes returned to mine.

"Egotism," she answered. "Colossal egotism."

Her freshly coloured lips drew into a thin line, and her supple, thin body faced me defiantly.

"Could you," I began cautiously, "could you, perhaps, have been jealous of your employer, Miss Murray?"

"Yes," came the quick reply. "I was jealous. All my life I have had to slave. I have had to struggle for everything, to keep health, to keep my self-respect. I have had to do without sympathy and amusement. I have had to do without nice clothes. I have had to do without comfort. I have had to do without love."

"And all that you wanted—she had?"

"Yes."

"You resented the fact that she received so much for doing what seemed to you so little?"

"Yes."

"Miss Murray," I asked suddenly, "did Miss Turner have in her possession a small, sharp knife with waving edges?"

Miss Murray's eyes looked upon me in astonishment.

"Yes," she said quickly. "She did. The Spanish knife!"

"Is that knife among her possessions now?"

Miss Murray's eyes wore a strange expression.

"No."

"How do you know?"

"I—I looked this morning."

"And it was gone? You are sure?"

"Yes. It was gone."

"Miss Turner was murdered with that knife," I said, "by someone who knows this apartment, and its contents."

"Yes," she answered in her calm voice, and sat with her hands in her lap, her eyes never leaving mine.

"That will be all, Miss Murray," I said, and rose.

II

DOWNSTAIRS, I asked the man at the lift if he had seen any gentlemen go into Miss Turner's apartment on the night of the murder.

The operator of the lift had seen several, he believed, but he could not remember their faces.

"Why don't people observe?" Simpson asked in disgust, as we went away. "Murders don't happen every day, it is true, but why not be prepared?"

Our taxi was hurling itself down Broadway toward the centre of the blazing theatre signs. As we neared the nucleus of great stars, we saw in letters—the blue of the diamond—the name of Virginia Turner. The doors of her theatre were bulging with a crowd that wanted its money back, that wanted to know the truth about the murder, that wanted to find out anything in the name of excitement.

"If they could only buy seats for the superb drama we have just seen her in!" Simpson said.

I was looking out of the other window. Across the street from Miss Turner's theatre was another huge sign bearing the name—Sonia Davla.

"Why not?" I burst out suddenly. "They were rivals for the public approval. The Polish actress can tell us more of her sister artist than anyone in New York. We will see her."

I told the driver to take us to the stage entrance. There I sent in my card with our names, and word that our visit was of the greatest importance. We were immediately allowed in, and

were taken up in a small lift to the star's dressing room.

The fire-proof severity of the behind-the-scenes atmosphere was completely forgotten in this small dressing room, hung with rich brocades, and filled with flowers, the floor spread with a piece of white linen that Madame might not soil her gowns. The artist sat before the large mirror in a gown of flaming coral, while a thin, pale young woman in black sprayed her throat with an atomizer. There were several large bottles of perfume on the dressing table before her and, as she spoke, she unstoppered now one, now the other, and pressed the perfume to her temples, her lips, and behind her ears.

"Yes, I knew Virginia Turner very well," she told us, with her charming accent. "A very talented woman. Very talented!"

We remembered that the newspapers always spoke of her "genius."

"It is a shocking thing," she continued. "Shocking! I am scarcely able to act to-night. Looking at those lights over there! Why do they not turn them off?"

"There could not have been anyone who would have benefited by her death?" I questioned her.

"Benefited!"

Madame Davla's large eyes looked upon us in astonishment.

"Oh, no, the world has lost by it. Lost!"

"Miss Turner had friends—gentlemen came to see her?"

Madame Davla raised her shoulders, and threw out her chin.

"What will you have?" she asked.

"You, perhaps, knew one or two of her friends—gentlemen, I mean?"

Again Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"Who knows? One never knows."

There came a steady, authoritative knock on the door, and a voice called:

"Madame! Curtain's up on the second act."

Madame clutched at her bodice and called loudly.

"Amy! Help me!"

We saw that we were in the way, and withdrew.

Keeping the door open for a moment, I looked back and addressed a whirling tower of black jet and two waving arms.

"Madame, may I have a talk with you to-morrow at your apartment?"

"Certainly," came from the tower. "Come at tea time."

III

THE next day, at tea time, Simpson and I waited in Madame Davla's studio. A great light-well in the ceiling sifted in the January dusk through amber glass. In this golden light, dark Venetian furniture and the gold-crimson damask of Italy seemed to ring like the slow shaking of mellow bells. On the massive black walnut table in the centre, a tall green glass bowl held white, oriental lilies, hissing mouths with gold flecked, flaming tongues. In the silence of this room there was the smell of the dust which belongs to old things, and the odour of the lilies, like the fragrance of a loved woman's hair.

A woman in black, with silver, parted hair, appeared abruptly before us, so dark it was that we had not seen her enter.

"Madame Davla," I began . . .

"Is dead."

I could not see Simpson's hands—only his yellow, startled face.

"*Dead!*"

The woman was trembling.

"Come," she begged us.

She led us up a small stairway and into a room so dark that, at first, we could see nothing. A high window with frosted panes had before it a statue of Astarte and, when we entered, all that we could focus our eyes upon was the outline of this figure.

Then the elderly woman turned on a yellow light and we saw the black Venetian bed, covered with crimson brocade on which lay Madame Davla, face downward, her black hair about her head like a pall.

I lifted the body. The wound was

a heart wound, neat and small, and made with a knife like the Spanish weapon which had killed Virginia Turner.

"When?" I asked the woman.

"An hour ago."

"*An hour ago? How could he have escaped?*"

"No one has been here," the woman said. "Oh, what shall I do?"

We examined the room. There were no papers, no books. On a small table by the bed was a decanter of yellow Sicilian wine. Two glasses had been poured out, one of them had been drunk. On the floor by the bed were black chiffon garments, faintly fragrant. A cigarette had burned itself out on the table by the bed, and had also burned a piece of the damask covering.

In the studio I found only one letter, a letter written by Madame, in French, to a friend in Russia.

"I am made at last," it said. "This is my great hour. Only come! Here in the United States . . ."

Here the letter ended.

It was Simpson who found the real treasure. A sheet of yellow paper torn from a pad, written upon in red ink. It bore the words:

"*To-day! Paradise!*"

That was all. I read it over several times. Simpson argued that it was worthless since it bore no date.

"*To-day* could easily have meant last week, or last year," he said.

"Perhaps. But in that case would it be here, on top of all the other papers? Wouldn't *to-day* have been forgotten if it had been last year?"

Later I questioned Miss Ross, Madame Davla's elderly companion.

"You lived here with Madame?"

"Yes, ever since she came to New York. She used to say she liked old women. 'They are like old men,' she used to say, 'only not so annoying.'"

Miss Ross began to weep quietly.

"You were very fond of Madame?" I asked gently.

"I had grown used to her," the elderly woman answered from her handkerchief.

"You were with her all this afternoon?"

"No. She sent me out."

"Oh, she sent you out. She expected someone to call upon her?"

"That I don't know."

"What did she send you out for?"

"South African fruit. She must have it."

"You were gone all afternoon?"

"Yes. It is very difficult to find in this season."

"When did you return?"

"Just before you came. I happened to go into the hall upstairs. I noticed that her door was open. I don't know what made me go in. Imagine my feelings when I saw—*that!*"

She began to sob.

"There are other servants in the house now?"

"No. They are all gone after the morning. She liked to be alone. We were served from the hotel opposite."

She added, freshly weeping:

"I was to get your tea."

"There is something I would like to ask you, Miss Ross," I said. "You will understand that whatever I ask is merely in order that we may track the criminal as quickly as possible and bring him to justice. There were friends of Madame Davla who came to call at informal times—gentlemen?"

Miss Ross paused.

"Yes," she said at last. "Madame Davla had friends—gentlemen."

"When they came, did you remain here?"

"Oh, no. I went out."

"For African fruit?"

"Yes," she answered after a minute, "for African fruit."

"And when you came back to-day no one was in the house?"

"No one. But Madame . . . !"

She hid her face.

"Madame had no enemies?" I asked.

"None. She was most generous."

"No one was jealous of her?"

"No one. She was a foreigner."

"Madame's jewels . . . ?"

Miss Ross jumped up suddenly and ran across the room, her rubber heels

giving out little shrieks as they touched the highly polished floor.

She knelt down before a large Italian chest and, after making a grotesque gesture of modesty, drew forth from her bosom a bunch of keys, and opened the chest with one of them. We stood by as she drew out tray after tray of pearls, rubies, emeralds, dark, clear jade as living and full of light as deep sea water.

"They are all here," she said in relief. "All but the string of lapis lazuli given her by the Russian prince."

"Ah!"

I turned to Simpson.

"And that," she went on, caressing the jewels into place, "is about her precious throat at this moment."

IV

We questioned the grocer on the corner, the servants on the block, everyone. No one had seen anyone enter the house, except two gentlemen—one of them a tall, thin, scowling man, with a rumpled overcoat. That was I.

"Of course we are agreed now as to the murderer?" Simpson said, strutting to keep up with me.

"Yes," I agreed. "Miss Murray in the Turner case. But who in the Davla case?"

"Surely you must see that the murderer is the same in each case?"

"Could Miss Murray," I wondered, "have lived with Madame, and have contrived to be jealous of her, too?"

Simpson threw up his chin, in the manner of a man who knows he is in the right.

"It's plain to me," he said stiffly, "if it isn't to you. It's a clear case of love intrigues."

"A man you mean."

"Certainly, a man!"

"But no one has seen a man. While it would be easy for a woman, with so many going in and out, not to be noticed."

"A pretty woman like Miss Murray?"

"Did you find her pretty then?" I asked Simpson.

"Just as much as you did."

"Of course there is that note," I said. I drew it out of my case.

"'*To-day! Paradise!*'"

Simpson sniffed.

"It's plain enough. '*To-day! Paradise!*'"

I recalled the room with the statue of Astarte, the odour of the oriental lilies, the yellow wine from Sicily.

"How much I have missed in life!" I sighed.

V

Early the next evening I sat in my rooms waiting for word from Simpson.

I had spent the whole day in a fruitless search for the identity of the mysterious murderer of Miss Turner and Madame Davla, for I was convinced now that there was one author for the two crimes. For some reason only two things kept themselves vividly before me, the Paradise letter, and the look in Miss Murray's disillusioned, keen eyes.

Simpson's note came. It simply said:

"Meet me at once. Now it's Lucile Winton."

Although this was not the word for which I waited—could not have been—I met him as soon as I could, and together we entered a small Colonial doorway and, mounting a short flight of marble steps lined with dancing stone fauns, we entered Miss Winton's house.

Gilt and *petit point* and ormolu and sleek parquetry made us think of sleek and graceful minuets danced in and out of sober state affairs. It was a clean, clear atmosphere with no hissing oriental lilies, yet it was not pure.

A man with small red eyes came into the room, holding himself up carefully to keep from slipping on the hazardously polished floor. His white, weak hands were covered with oriental rings. He wore a black necktie held at his throat with a large ring. Otherwise he was dressed as a careful European gentleman. He spoke with a true American accent.

"It is my wife," he explained.

We pitied him at once. Not that she was dead, but that she had lived. It had been his joy and his trial, her life. He wore all the scars of one who has loved hopelessly and long.

He led us, reverentially, to the blue and rose room where Miss Winton lay on a silk and lace covered bed, face downward in a golden pool of curling hair.

"Nothing has been touched, as you ordered," he said respectfully. "Except the négligé," he added, looking down. "I—I thought it wouldn't matter if I threw it over her. It—it looks better."

When I touched the body the little man winced, and we asked him to leave the room.

"The Spanish knife?" Simpson asked.

I nodded.

"We must get him!"

In this confectioner's box of a room we searched for traces of the criminal. From the cupids who played a war of roses on the ceiling, to the painted wax beauty who guarded the ugly reality of the telephone we examined everything and found nothing that was not sweet and dainty and useless.

Then Simpson, at the bed, gave a little cry.

"Look!"

He had drawn from under one of the lace pillows a framed photograph.

We took it to the window and, after drawing back several layers of tinted chiffon and silks, let in enough light for us to examine it.

It was the photograph of a young man in a dancer's costume with a Greek band about his forehead. The face and shoulders were of such ideal beauty that we both agreed it was simply the photograp of a painting, or a statue, and that the young actress had treasured it for pretty, if vain, day-dreams.

I looked for a long time, entranced by the beauty of this young face which had such a look of serenity and harmony that it was like some exquisite work of Skopas or Lysippos.

We took the photograph out of its frame to see if there might be an inscription of some kind.

"He *is* human then!" Simpson exclaimed at the sight of writing.

I read aloud:

"*I have not loved the world, nor the world me!*"

The writing was half script, half print.

"To look like that, and to write that is too great a paradox. He was never alive."

"Her god of dreams!" Simpson said.

We left her, dreaming still, beneath her golden hair in her sugar cake of a bed, in her confectioner's box of a room.

VI

DOWNSTAIRS, we were allowed to examine the study with its walnut desk, full of sweet letters from strangers and begging letters from friends.

Lucile Winton had been one of the most admired and popular actresses on the American stage. All about the room were evidences of her success. It was, in fact, a sort of trophy room of personal triumph. There were numerous pictures of the young woman in various poses and rôles, all of them looking very innocent, very girlish, very very pleasing.

The little man with the red eyes skated in timidly and, while Simpson examined a box of clippings, I engaged him in talk.

"Miss Winton had no enemies at the theatre?"

"Enemies! Lucile had a heart of gold."

"No one has ever threatened her life?"

"Never. Everyone she came in contact with adored her. Why wouldn't they? She was like a child. Spoiled—it may be—but so beautiful—so sweet."

The little man began twirling his rings about his fingers and gulped several times.

"Some young woman, perhaps, might have been envious of her fame. Has anyone called to-day?"

"Many people. She always receives friends on days when there are no matinées."

"All ladies?"

"Oh, no. Young men—men . . ."

He looked down.

"You are always here?"

"Well, mostly . . ."

"You were here to-day?"

"No-o. She sent me out."

"To buy fruit?"

He gave me a sudden little look.

"Not to-day. You see, there are the children—our pets. I take them out for an airing."

"Dogs, you mean?"

"Yes, dogs."

"Then someone could have come while you were out, and you would never have known that they had been here, or who they were?"

"That is so."

"Nothing was touched? No valuables, jewelry?"

"Nothing. Only the irreplaceable . . ."

The little man choked and began to cry silently.

As we left we both had the impression that he was not so miserable as he seemed to be. For once public attention would be focused upon *him*. For once he could act in perfect freedom. And he had a beautiful grief.

When we were in my rooms again, I drew out our small clue, rays of light, the Paradise letter and the beautiful photograph. We compared the handwriting on each. Although they bore a certain resemblance to each other, scientifically studied they were not the work of the same hand.

I studied the face in the picture.

"It has the beauty of fantastic sin," I said.

"Depravity is nearer the truth," Simpson said sharply.

VII

THAT night I took dinner with Miss Murray. She was calm and defensive at the same time. Her crisp, practical manner was the same as on the day when I had first questioned her, although she had received much unpleasant notoriety through this case of mystery.

I showed her the photograph of the young man.

"Did you ever see this face?" I asked her.

She looked at it for a long time, her thin red lips set firmly.

Finally she answered:

"Yes."

A thrill went through me.

"Where?"

"In dreams."

Her eyes, clear, gray, unchanging, met mine.

"Then he is the type that is the dream god of all women?"

"That I don't know," she answered in her habitual way.

As we were rising to go, a messenger brought me a note.

"Miss Murray," I said, as we parted in the foyer outside, "you know that I suspected you of this crime . . ."

"Yes, I know," she said.

"You know that I no longer do, don't you?"

"No," she said, slowly, "I do not," and left me.

The note was from Miss Crane, the most celebrated actress on our stage. It simply said:

"*Come as soon as you can. Of the greatest importance.*"

At Miss Crane's house I was led into her private sitting room, where the actress sat before a log fire drinking coffee. She rose graciously and came toward me.

"I am going to tell you something that I would not tell anyone," she began impressively, "unless it were a case of the greatest importance, as this is. Sit down."

We sat on a couch covered with an animal skin. The actress's fine yellow eyes were aglow with excitement.

"I believe," she said in her low, rich, dramatic voice, "that I know the murderer of Virginia Turner, Madame Davla and Miss Winton."

During the whole case I had never felt such excitement as I did under the

influence of Miss Crane's eyes and voice.

She rose, and with a free, supreme walk, went over to a desk and unlocked a drawer, bringing back a photograph which she handed to me.

"Look at this," she commanded.

I gasped.

It was a duplicate of the portrait Simpson had taken from under Miss Winton's pillow!

"The god of dreams!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly."

"You knew him?"

"For three months."

"He was real, then. Where is he?"

She sat down and looked very closely at me.

"I loved him," she said, in the voice that had enchanted thousands. "For three months. He was the most beautiful person I have ever seen. He made life a paradise."

"Paradise?" I repeated, and wondered why the word seemed so familiar.

"One day—a few days ago—I saw in his hand a weapon . . ."

"A silver dagger with waving edges!" I burst out.

"Yes!"

She clutched at her throat and then went on:

"I escaped. I knew then that it was he who killed the others. I have protected myself. I have my children to think of. I am not afraid now. Tonight you will go and get him."

I was trembling with excitement.

"You know where he lives?"

"Here," she said, and wrote on the back of the photograph

I kissed the firm white hand of this regal woman of the stage.

"You have solved all of my problems," I said to her. "I thank you."

"He is insane," she told me. "Otherwise he could not have been so beautiful."

VIII

That night, in a cold rain, I went in a musty taxi in search of the address the actress had given me. We did not stop until we came to the end of Riverside Drive, where, after winding in and out of a short *cul de sac*, we reached a small reddish house, backed to the river and cramped in between two tall, cheap apartment buildings.

There was a large real estate sign on the outside and the windows were shuttered and dark. I rang the bell, at once losing all hope of finding the murderer now or at any other time. In spite of the fact that I expected no response, I kept on ringing, the dampness and dreariness of the house taking possession of all my faith and courage.

At last I gave up in despair, and walked down the steps. Something fell out of my pocket. It was the photograph the actress had given me. I looked at it in the light of my pocket-lamp. An overwhelming desire to see that face took possession of me. Without quite realizing what I did, I went down into the basement of the house and rang the bell there. As there was no response, I tried one of the small windows at the side. It was fastened tight. I tried the other. The glass gave in, and with the small injury of a cut on the hand, I entered through this window into the basement hall.

Here I found a stairway and, noisily and fearsomely, I climbed to the first floor. My feet clanked on loose tiles as I went quickly to the stairway. I climbed to the second floor and then to the third. The house was dusty and damp and deserted. Just as I was giving up the idea of climbing further to the top floor I saw a light coming from a door at the back on the upper landing.

My heart beat fast. I climbed as stealthily as I could, but the stairs creaked, and with each creak I felt my veins chill with dread.

Before the door where the light was my courage gave way altogether and I paused, panting in fear.

Suddenly the door opened, and I almost fell against the figure that stood before me.

"Well, come in if you must," the man said, and slammed the door after us.

I looked at him in amazement. It

was he! The man of the two photographs!

I looked long and silently into the face of the man I had been trying to track for days.

The face was as beautiful as the pictures of it. It was even more beautiful, with the steady, glowing eye and the proud, high carriage of the superb head. When he spoke, his voice was low and soft, the voice of one who has conquered life. He showed no fear, or even surprise, at my intrusion, but stood regarding me coolly as if waiting for me to begin my explanation.

For the first time in my life I felt mean in the presence of another individual. Then I remembered the charges I had against this man.

"Miss Crane sent me," I said. "I am armed."

A smile passed across his mouth.

"Sit down," he said. "This couch if you like . . ."

The room was well, even beautifully furnished and gave evidence of having been lived in for some time. It had a sharp defiance of colour about it. Over the couch where he sat there was a large Chinese painting on silk. The black floor was covered with rich, faded rugs, and the few pieces of furniture were of Chinese teak or lacquer. The window was uncurtained, and made a frame for the gray washed black sky, and the dark river with its sprinkling of lights.

Seeing me look toward the window, he smiled.

"That is why I came here," he said. "The river! It is the most beautiful thing in New York. You should see it after a thunderstorm. But I haven't offered you a cigarette."

He jumped up boyishly and pushed a copper box filled with cigarettes toward me, taking one for himself.

We lighted from the same match. It was my hand that trembled.

"You must know why I have come," I began.

"Yes."

"You are coming with me to-night," I said.

"Of course."

His presence, his room, completely unarmed me. I gazed at him in patent dismay and bewilderment. He smiled, caressing the silk covering of the couch.

"Shall we stay and have a smoke and talk first?" he suggested with a charming smile.

We did. I saw the smear of the fog and rain disappear from the oblong picture of the river and sky. I saw the blue heavens left clear with their cold stars. I saw the trembling of the night as it gave itself to-day. And still we sat and smoked, still I sat and listened to the talk of this boy who had lived life without remorse, without plan, without fear, yet never without thought.

"I am facing death," he said. "I am not flippant on its face. I am a little frightened perhaps. If it could only be at night when I am more eager."

"Why," I kept insisting, "why did you . . . ? What possible motive?"

He leaned toward me eagerly, and I saw the peculiar fire come into his eyes for the first time.

"There is the theatre," he said.

"Yes, but . . ."

His imperative hand stopped me.

"The theatre is everything! It is man's attempt to explain himself. A man's ego may run away with him in a book, but the rules of self-protection in the theatre keep him within bounds. If you want to know a people, go to their theatre."

"But what has this to do . . . ?"

"In England a man has been saying for years that the theatre must be cleaned before it can be great again. No one has dared to do this, not even Gordon Craig . . ."

"Then . . . ?"

"I have dared! I have not killed three beautiful women. I have killed three bad actresses! I am a public benefactor."

Nothing seemed strange to me now. I was in the atmosphere of truth—or insanity? I was beyond knowing which.

He went on excitedly:

"There were three of the best known and most popular women on our Ameri-

can stage. What have they done for their art? Fed on it, fattened on it, used it as a market, an adornment, a plaything! I did not murder them. An ideal for the theatre murdered them. I had no wish to curtail their lives. They were very nice women, much nicer than most of the women I have known. But as long as they could not live without spoiling the life of the theatre they had to go."

I looked at him helplessly, fascinated.

"I had large plans for my work," he went on earnestly. "After the actresses, the playwrights. After them the playhouses. Then we could proceed with clean hands."

"The managers?" I asked.

"It would be a waste of time to destroy them. When my work was done they would die naturally."

"Then I have spoiled your plans?"

"Somewhat. I had not counted upon being caught. But the work will go on. You cannot kill ideas, even when ideas kill."

IX

With the coming of dawn, a silence fell upon us. I began to feel that my action must soon be, and its pressing embarrassed me.

"There is one thing I would like to know," I began, after a pause.

"And that?" he asked politely.

"About the—about those women? It must have been very difficult."

He smiled enchantingly.

"Very simple! First, all that was necessary was to get the love and confidence of the women nearest them, the maid, the companion, the secretary . . ."

"Not Miss Murray!" I burst out indignantly.

"The simplest of all," he assured me calmly, not realizing my agitation.

"After that," he went on, "the way was clear to the lady herself. You see, success in love is not a matter of qualification; it is a matter of imagination. I have no vitality. I have no fortune. I have not even flattery. I have fancy. That appeals to women. They have no imagination of their own—especially prominent actresses."

Speechless, I rose to go, and reached for my wide, black, detective hat.

He looked at me in displeasure.

"But you must give me time to change my clothes, to pack up my belongings."

I looked down at the faded oriental rug, and then toward the blanching sky, and the steel-coloured river. Its keen, waving edges made me think of some familiar object.

The Spanish knife!

"You have something I would like to have you give me," I said hesitatingly, "—as a keepsake. Your—the Spanish knife."

A light came into his eyes.

"Ah! It was Miss Turner's. She gave it to me. What could be more appropriate than that I should give it to you?"

He disappeared quickly into the next room and, returning, placed the knife in its ornamental scabbard in my hands with a bow.

"It has been used in art's name," he said gently. "Never use it in *your* business. Now if you will wait for me a few minutes . . ."

"I will go," I said awkwardly.

"Without me!"

His eyes and voice were childishly astonished.

"Without you."

He held out his arms in a wide shrug.

"So be it!"

Like a polite host, he led me down all the dark, musty stair to the front door.

There he pressed my hand.

"I see," he said softly, "that you are, like myself, an idealist."

* * * * *

After I had left him, I had only two desires. To forget—and to see Miss Murray.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

By David Schwartz

HE was waiting to hear the distinguished representative of The Society for the Encouragement of Birth Control.

As she mounted the platform, he grabbed his hat and threaded his way out.

"Don't go! Wait and hear her speak," urged the ushers. "She will convince you of the urgent necessity of birth control."

"I am already convinced," he replied, continuing on his way. "I have seen the speaker."

JULY

By John Russell McCarthy

HEAVY with child,
Deep-breasted, solemn-eyed,
Resting a little where the hills are steep,
With quiet faith and great warm dreams you come.

MAY WOODS

By Sara Teasdale

THE rain blew off, the new leaves dripped,
The air was honey-sweet,
Evening came quickly through the trees
Hushed as a rabbit's feet.

And then a wood-thrush said good-night—
Which was it that I heard?
A bird that had become a star,
Or a star become a bird?

TARNISHED BRASS

By J. B. Hawley

I

"TAKE the gold of God when it is offered; later He may offer only tarnished brass."

The Swami gathered his voluminous robes about him and sat down.

"And what is the 'gold of God,' dear Hindar Singh?"

A young woman asked the question. She was pretty and impressionable. Also she was unattached and wealthy. So the Swami answered her deferentially. He softened the tones of his deep voice. He turned full upon her the gaze of his expressive, velvet eyes.

"What should it be—but love, dear lady?" he replied.

A man standing in the doorway made an unconscious gesture of disgust. The perfume-laden atmosphere of the place sickened him. The adoring attitudes and expressions of the dozen women crowding about the Indian fakir filled him with contempt. Could these be *his* people? He watched them—silly, scatter-brained creatures dabbling in the mysticism of Asia. He looked at the men and the sight of them filled him with an even greater dislike. Somehow they resembled sleek, self-satisfied animals, smirking contentedly as they tolerantly watched their female kind exhibit their folly before a brown-skinned representative of another race, behind whose smile lurked a sneer, back of whose respectful eyes lay hidden an expression of avarice and lust.

Had he given the years of his youth to serve such people?

Then the inherent honesty of the man compelled him to answer the question negatively. For twenty years he had worked for England, not for its people's good but for his own. Ambition for power, wealth, fame, as irresistible and compelling as a rising tide, had driven him on. It had swept him beyond the ports of friendship, of love, of the lesser joys until at last it had beached him on the shore of success. There he stood alone, powerful, impressive—and miserable.

He moved his lips as though to cleanse his mouth of a bitter taste.

The beginnings of general talk, the scraping of chairs on the polished floor, the rustle of the women's gowns, broke in upon his thoughts. The party brought together by Lady Emsleigh to hear a lecture by the famous Hindar Singh was breaking up. With a sigh of relief, the man crossed to his hostess and bade her good-night.

"It was good of you to come to-night, Sir Allan," Lady Emsleigh said, "Hindar Singh expressly asked that someone above—well, above the average be asked to hear him. Surely he must be satisfied to know that the man about whom all England is talking was in his audience."

Sir Allan Trevor made a conventional reply and hurried from the room. Unceremoniously he snatched his hat and stick from the servant in the hall and left the house.

On the step he paused, considering. He was of half a mind to dismiss his car and walk home. Something in the soft, spring air, something in the moonlight gently flooding the roofs and streets of London called to him. He made his decision.

"You may go home, Higgins," he

said to his chauffeur, "I shall not need you again to-night."

The man touched his cap and drove off. Sir Allan looked for a moment after the retreating car.

Then he turned and strolled leisurely in the opposite direction.

II

For a time he walked on, heedless of where he was going. He was thinking of nothing in particular. His mind was lulled by the insidious sensuousness of the night to an agreeable indifference to all problems. His mood was a reaction from the bitter thoughts which had assailed him in Lady Emsleigh's drawing-room.

Then he happened upon a scene familiar enough to all London noctambulists. A young Cockney was strolling along the edge of the pavement, his arm around the waist of a giggling, amorous servant.

"Stop it, 'Enry!" the girl protested, struggling weakly in the man's tightening embrace. "I say, you are a bold 'un."

The man laughed. With his free hand he caught her full chin, forcing her head back against his shoulder. Then lingeringly, he kissed her.

As Sir Allan passed them his lips curled in a sneer. "The gold of God! Love!" He recalled the Swami's words. Was this love?—something simply of the flesh, for which men slaved and suffered? Giggles and cries and kisses enjoyed in a darkened side street! After all, had he been unwise to devote his life to a struggle for power even if the struggle did necessitate the foregoing of this thing called love?

But in his heart he knew that love has many forms; that this which he had just seen was but one of its lower manifestations. When his black moods were upon him, it was not love like this, the absence of which in his life he regretted. He smiled almost tenderly. How would he describe the love which might have been his had he not let ambition direct his destiny?

Memory led him back across the years to another night in June. London —its sullen houses, its soulless streets, its noise and bustle—was blotted out. In its stead a country road peaceful and quiet, lighted by the kindly moon. From the hedges night birds called softly. The ghost of a breeze rustled the branches of the trees. And their gentle swishing harmonized somehow with the low purling of the brook which flowed beneath the bridge spanning the road.

A woman—a girl rather—neither very beautiful nor very clever, just a normally pretty English girl of his own station, wholesome of body and of mind—stood beside him on the bridge. The still calm of the night had subdued their voices. They spoke almost in whispers, like conspirators mulling over their secret plans. Yet what they talked about was of no importance.

But something was going on in the heart of the man which was important. Or so it seemed.

A desire was being born—a desire to stretch forth his hand and draw the girl within the enfolding circle of his arms. And not for a moment or a day or for any measurable space of time, but for eternity. His soul, the mystery in which he could only half believe, as well as his body, cried out to him to make her his, part of him, someone with whom to travel hand in hand through the future, someone with whom to share his dreams.

As instinctively as a bird knows its way across the uncharted pathways of the sky, he knew that what was taking place in him was taking place in her. He knew beyond all doubt that he need speak only one word to bring her to him.

Then the cloud of ambition settled upon him. He was beset with doubts. He recalled stories he had heard and read of the stultifying effect of love upon men's careers. And he grew faint-hearted. Slowly he turned away. With a light remark about the beauty of the night he led the way homeward. Silently the girl followed him.

The scene passed. He was back

again in London, striding along its streets through the magic of another night in June.

III

It was an unfamiliar street on which he found himself. Trees, poor city things, stunted in growth and thin in foliage, stood at regular intervals along the curb. Rows of detached villas, each surrounded by its conventional hedge, broken in the centre by an iron gate, stood on either side of the roadway. A quiet, not unattractive street.

Sir Allan lessened his pace. He paused to light a cigarette beneath a street lamp. As he was about to go on, he heard a feminine voice faintly calling.

"Pardon me, but could you—would you help me?"

He peered around him in the semi-darkness. At first he could see no one. Then the flutter of a white dress against the black bars of a gate a few steps further on attracted his attention. Taking off his hat he went forward.

"Is there something I can do?" he began.

He stopped, drawing in his breath sharply. Shining brightly in the light of the street lamp, looking directly into his own, were two eyes of marvellous beauty. Even in the instant that passed before he regained his poise, he had likened them in his mind to the compelling eyes of the women of the Ouled Näil.

"If there is anything I can do, I shall be glad—" he repeated, the conventional phrases sounding somewhat ridiculous.

The woman laughed.

"There is something you can do," she said. Her voice was a deep contralto, pure and resonant. "You can free me from the clutches of this abominable gate. My gown is caught in one of the hinges, in the back just out of my reach unless I turn so that it will tear. And it would be a pity to tear a gown the first night one wears it."

"It would indeed," Sir Allan replied.

He gently pushed in the gate and entered a tiny garden. The woman had to press back against the hedge to let him pass. As his body brushed by hers a whiff of some strange perfume, heady like the distilled odour of some exotic, Eastern flower, rose to his nostrils. It and the night and the presence of the woman made him feel strangely irresponsible. He laughed like a boy when he saw how a fold in the back of her gown had caught in the hinge of the gate.

"I say! You would have been in a mess if I hadn't happened along," he said.

He bent to the task of freeing her. It took him only an instant. Then he straightened up to the woman turned about holding out her hand.

"That was nice of you," she said. "Thanks."

He took her hand. The touch of her soft palm on his pleased him. He was reluctant to let it go. And for the fraction of a second that he stood there holding her hand he looked at her.

The lamplight illumined her profile. It was clean cut as a cameo and as resplendently beautiful as her eyes. Her figure was slender but not immature. To Sir Allan Trevor, standing almost awkwardly before her, she seemed representative of the desirable woman, lovely, perfectly poised; sure, yet not disagreeably conscious of her charm.

Gently she disengaged her hand. She looked at him, her brows raised slightly in inquiry.

"I beg your pardon," he said, recovering himself. "You are most welcome. My service was very slight."

"Ah, don't say that," the woman laughed. "To save a Paquin gown from destruction is not a service to be dismissed lightly. But perhaps you do not know the amount of time and bother and money represented by a Paquin creation."

He answered her quite seriously.

"I am afraid I don't. I have been too busy learning a lot of other things."

"What other things?"

She asked the question gently.

"Just—just things of no importance."

It seemed to him in her presence that the power and wealth and fame he had purchased with a lifetime of service were indeed things of little importance.

He was conscious of something warm on the knuckle of his left hand. He brought it into the light to look at it. Blood flowed from a small cut in his little finger. He remembered having scraped it against a sharp edge of the rusted hinge. The woman gave a little exclamation of dismay.

"Oh, my dear man," she said, "you have hurt yourself."

"It's nothing—nothing at all," he replied, winding his handkerchief around the cut.

"But it might be. The iron on that abominable gate is rusty. It might poison you. Please, please come into the house and let me bandage it properly for you."

Without waiting for him to acquiesce, she set off up the path toward the half open door of the house. Not reluctantly he followed her.

She led him through a soft lighted hall into a drawing room at the back.

It was not an agreeable room. It was over-decorated, over-furnished. There were too many divans, too many ornaments in character decidedly rococo. It was a room such as might belong to someone in whom the desire for comfort and luxury was not combined with powers of restraint and with good taste. Sir Allan concluded he was in a room of a house let furnished. He knew the woman who had brought him there could not be responsible for its atrociousness.

She indicated a chair beside the fire.

"Won't you sit there," she said. "I'll be with you in a moment. My maid has retired, I'm afraid. I shall have to get the necessary things for your poor finger myself."

She cut short his protestations that he was sorry to be the cause of so much trouble.

"Please, please," she implored, looking at him with a beseeching expression in her glorious eyes.

Then she left him. In a moment she returned bearing a basin of water, a bottle of peroxide and a roll of bandages. She drew up a small ottoman beside his chair and seated herself.

"Now give me your hand," she commanded.

She bent over the wounded finger, bathing it tenderly in the water and in the peroxide. Her face was hidden from Sir Allan. But her hair, the masses of it shining like strands of burnished copper, was before him. And from it mounted the strange, compelling perfume he had noticed in the garden. He sighed deeply.

"I am hurting you?" she asked anxiously.

"No—no, you are not hurting me."

Sir Allan found it difficult to speak. The words came in a whisper.

The woman resumed her task.

For an instant Sir Allan felt that he was powerless to keep from placing his hand on the woman's head, from running his fingers through its gleaming softness. He raised his hand, then let it fall back to his side, closing his eyes to shut out temptation.

But behind his closed lids a series of pictures took form. He saw himself and a woman—this woman, perhaps, or another, her equal—in a hundred different situations. All of the loneliness of the lonely years he had lived welled up in the man and cried out for love. And the pictures floating one after another before his closed eyes all had to do with love—with a love superior to other loves, a love created of the body and the spirit working in harmony to make a thing perfect and eternal.

"There. I think that is all right, now."

The woman's voice brought him to himself. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I—I thank you," he said slowly, dragging forth the words.

He looked full into the woman's eyes. And for the fraction of a second a gleam of hope lighted the darkness in his heart. What if this woman—?

He thrust the suggestion aside.

"Now I must go," he said.

The woman did not speak. She con-

tinued to watch him with her great, inquiring eyes, in which the inquiry was linked with something else—something Sir Allan was unable to define.

Still silent she followed him into the hall and stood before him as he slowly pulled on his gloves.

And again the gleam of hope flashed in the darkness. This time with a radiance which dazed. And he knew beyond all shadow of doubt that this woman before him could fill the hopeless void he had come to realize was in his life. Before he quite realized what he was doing Sir Allan caught her in his arms. She lay there unresisting. Without a struggle she submitted to his caress.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he murmured tenderly.

The sound of his own voice brought him back to sanity. Then he realized the enormity of the thing he had done. He was frightened, frightened of himself and of the possible consequences of his act.

"I—I beg your pardon. I'm sorry, terribly sorry," he cried, and rushed from the house.

He ran down the short path and through the swinging iron gate.

IV

Constable Wicks strolled his beat quite pleased with himself, with the beauty of the night, and with the knowledge that within a short half hour he would be relieved from duty. Then he would hurry to his home in Putney to partake of a bite to eat and a pint of half-and-half with the missus before retiring. He whistled softly as he turned into the street of the sickly trees and the gardened villas.

Suddenly he stopped whistling. From the house he was passing a man came running down the path into the street. The man passed through the gate in the hedge and continued at a rapid pace down the street.

"'Old on there, my man!" Constable Wicks ordered brusquely. "Wot's the bloomin' rush? Wot's wrong 'ere?"

The man turned back to the constable.

"Wrong!" he snarled. "What should be wrong?"

Constable Wicks saw that he had accosted a gentleman. He modified his form of speech.

"No offence, sir," he said. "But I seen you run off like that, sir, so I thought there might be somethin' wrong. No 'arm in arskin', sir."

"Why should you think there was anything wrong, you fool?"

The man's voice was quite uncontrolled. It was evident even to Constable Wicks that here was a man labouring under strong emotion.

"Well, sir, you might have lost somethin', sir," the constable said apologetically. "Your purse or your watch or a bit of jewelry. Strange things do 'appen in these 'ouses, sir."

"These houses! What do you mean?"

"On this block, sir, they're all about alike. Though I must say, sir, there 'ave been fewer complaints about the one you just left, sir. You see—"

The man commanded his silence with a gesture.

"Do you mean to say," he whispered, "that these houses—that this house, is—"

"Yes, sir, that's the sort of a 'ouse it is, sir," the constable replied easily. "It's too bad, sir. But still, as I often says to the old woman, the poor girls 'as to—"

But Sir Allan Trevor did not hear the end of his speech. With the cry of a wounded animal, he dashed off down the street. And as he ran, a sentence he had heard somewhere—he couldn't remember where—rang in his brain.

"Take the gold of God when it is offered. Later He may offer only tarnished brass."

COMPENSATION

By Peter Quinn

WHEN Professor Lars Hoogletop discovered that the souls of men migrated after death into the bodies of mosquitoes and, in this reincarnation, abandoned all other pursuits to concentrate on the torture of men, a great storm of protest and indignation was aroused in the inhabitants of Beaconsville, his university town.

For once the clergy, science and society joined forces to crush the blasphemer who had risen from their midst. Finally, unable to silence him, they relegated him to that friendless abode called Coventry.

Professor Lars Hoogletop, a sociable man, accustomed to the admiration of his fellow-creatures, was disheartened by their hostile behaviour. All abandoned him in his distress: his daughters, who wished to be married; his wife, who desired attention; finally even the newspaper reporters. True, he had made a few new acquaintances, but they belonged to a class he had always distrusted. They were all specialists in mental diseases.

Only one thought consoled Professor Lars Hoogletop in his adversity—the knowledge that he had never believed in his own discovery.

OH, MISTER YESTERDAY!

By J. V. A. Weaver

WHEN I was a kid, on a fresh Spring day,
I useta go at sun-up to get the smell o' May;
And say! The waves o' perfumes that they would always be!
All the flowers in the world, so it look to me,
Was mixed with the good ol' fresh-dug groun'—
The kind o' smell that God His self would like to have aroun'.

I couldn't find the smell o' the Spring to-day.
Somethin' 'as happened—took it clean away.
The same kinda apple-blooms was shinin' on the tree—
I guess it ain't the Spring changed—it must be me.
Take my money—take my house—every single thing—
Oh, Mister Yesterday!—Let me smell the Spring!

MAY DAY

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

THERE had been a war fought and won and the great city of the conquering people was crossed with triumphal arches and vivid with thrown flowers of white, red and rose. All through the long Spring days the returning soldiers marched up the chief highway behind the strump of drums and the joyous, resonant wind of the brasses, while merchants and clerks left their bickerings and figurings and, crowding to the windows, turned their white-bunched faces gravely upon the passing battalions.

Never had there been such splendour in the great city, for the victorious war had brought plenty in its train, and the merchants had flocked thither from the South and West with their households to taste of all the luscious feasts and witness the lavish entertainments prepared—and to buy for their women furs against the next winter and bags of golden mesh and vari-coloured slippers of silk, satin, and marvellously-wrought leather.

So gayly and noisily were the peace and prosperity impending hymned by the scribes and poets of the conquering people that more and more spenders had gathered from the provinces to drink the wine of excitement, and faster and faster did the merchants dispose of their trinkets and slippers until they sent up a mighty cry for more trinkets and more slippers in order that they might give in barter what was demanded of them. Some even of them flung up their hands helplessly, shouting:

"Alas! I have no more slippers! and alas! I have no more trinkets! May heaven help me for I know not what I shall do!"

But no one listened to their great outcry for the throngs were far too busy—day by day, the foot-soldiers trod jauntily the highway and all exulted because the young men returning were pure and brave, sound of tooth and pink of cheek, and the young women of the land were virgins and comely both of face and of figure.

So during all this time there were many adventures that happened in the great city and it is one of these that is here set down.

CHAPTER I

AT nine o'clock on the morning of the first of May, 1919, a young man spoke to the room clerk at the Biltmore Hotel, asking if Mr. Philip Cory were registered there, and if so, could he be connected with Mr. Cory's rooms. The inquirer was dressed in a well-cut but quite shabby suit. He was slender and darkly handsome; his eyes were framed above with unusually long eyelashes and below with the blue semi-circle of ill-health, this latter effect heightened by an unnatural glow which coloured his face like a low incessant fever.

Mr. Cory was staying there. The young man was directed to a telephone at the side.

After a second his connection was made; a sleepy voice hello'd from somewhere above.

"Mr. Cory?"—this very eagerly—"It's Gordon, Phil. It's Gordon Sterrett. I'm downstairs. I heard you

were in New York and I had a hunch you'd be here."

The sleepy voice became gradually enthusiastic. Well, how was Gordy, old boy! Well, he sure was surprised and tickled! Would Gordy come right up, for Pete's sake!

A few minutes later Cory, dressed in blue silk pyjamas, opened the door and they greeted each other with a half-embarrassed exuberance still vaguely collegiate. They were both about twenty-four, Yale graduates of the year before the war, but there the resemblance stopped abruptly. Cory was blond, ruddy, and rugged under his thin pyjamas. Everything about him from his firm step as he moved about the room to the hard grip of his hand radiated fitness and bodily comfort. He smiled frequently, showing large and prominent teeth.

"I was going to look you up," he cried enthusiastically, "I'm taking a couple of weeks off. If you'll sit down a sec I'll be right with you. I'm going to take a shower."

As he vanished into the bathroom his visitor's dark eyes roved nervously around the room, resting for a moment on a great English travelling bag in the corner and on a family of thick silk shirts littered on the chairs amid impressive neckties and soft-ribbed woollen socks.

Gordon rose nervously and, picking up one of the shirts, gave it a minute examination. It was of very heavy silk, yellow, with a pale blue stripe — and there were nearly a dozen of them. He glanced involuntarily at his own shirt-cuffs—they were ragged and linty at the edges and soiled to a faint gray. Dropping the silk shirt he held his coat sleeves down and worked the frayed shirt-cuffs up until they were out of sight. Then he went to the mirror and looked at himself with a listless, unhappy interest. His suit had once been excellent; at present it shone with use; his tie, also of former glory, was faded and thumb-creased—it served no longer to hide the jagged button-holes of his collar. He thought, quite without amusement, that only three years before he had received a scattering vote in the senior elections at college for being the best-dressed man in his class.

Cory emerged from the bathroom polishing his body with hearty meticulousness.

"Saw an old friend of yours last night," he commenced jovially. "Passed her in the lobby and couldn't think of her name to save my neck. That girl you brought up to New Haven senior year."

Gordon started.

"Edith Bradin? That who you mean?"

"'At's the one. Damn good looking. She's still sort of a pretty doll—you know what I mean: 'if you touch her she smears.'"

He surveyed his shining self complacently in the mirror and smiled faintly, exposing a section of teeth.

"She must be twenty-three anyway," he continued.

"Twenty-two last month," said Gordon absently.

"What? Oh, last month. Well, I imagine she's down for the Gamma Psi dance. Did you know there's a Gamma Psi dance to-night at Delmonico's? You better come up, Gordy. Half of New Haven'll probably be there. I can get you an invitation."

Draping himself reluctantly in B. V. D.'s, Cory lit a cigarette and sat down in a big chair by the open window, inspecting his calves and knees carelessly in the morning sunshine which poured into the room.

"Sit down, Gordy," he suggested, "and tell me all about what you've been doing and what you're doing now and everything."

Gordon collapsed unexpectedly upon the bed; lay there inert and spiritless, a picture of utter misery. His mouth, which habitually dropped a little open when his face was in repose, became suddenly helpless and pathetic.

"What's the matter?" asked Cory quickly.

"Oh, God!"

"What's the matter?"

"Everything," he said miserably, "every damn thing in the world. I've absolutely gone to pieces, Phil. I'm all in."

"Huh?"

"I'm all in." His voice was shaking.

Cory scrutinized him more closely with appraising blue eyes.

"You certainly look all shot."

"I am. I've made one hell of a mess of everything." He paused. "I'd better start at the beginning—or will it bore you?"

"Not at all; go on." There was, however, a hesitant note in Cory's voice. This trip east had been planned for a holiday—to find Gordon Sterrett in trouble ruffled him a little, exasperated him.

"Go on," he repeated, and then added half under his breath, "Get it over with."

"Well," began Gordon unsteadily, "I got back from France in February, went home to Harrisburg for a month and then came down to New York to get a job. I got one—with an export company. They fired me yesterday."

"Fired you?"

"I'm coming to that, Phil. I want to tell you frankly. You're about the only man I can turn to in a matter like this. You won't mind if I just tell you frankly, will you, Phil?"

Cory stiffened a bit more. The pats he was bestowing on his knees grew perfunctory. He felt vaguely that he was being unfairly saddled with responsibility; he was not even sure he wanted to be told. Though never surprised at finding Gordon Sterrett in some sort of difficulty, there was something in this present misery that repelled him and hardened him, even though it excited his curiosity.

"Go on."

"It's a girl."

"Hm." Cory made a quick resolution that nothing was going to spoil his trip. If Gordon was going to be depressing, then he'd just have to see less of Gordon—that was all.

"Her name is Gloria Hudson," went on the distressed voice from the bed. "She—used to be decent, I guess, up to about a year ago. Lived here in New York—poor family. Her people are dead now and she lives with an old aunt. You see it was just about the time I met her that all my friends and acquaintances began to come back from France in droves—and all I did was to welcome the newly arrived and go to parties with 'em. That's the way it started, Phil, just from being glad to see everybody and having them glad to see me."

"You ought to've had more sense."

"I know," Gordon paused, and then continued listlessly, "but everything seemed to go wrong. I'm on my own now, you know, and Phil, I can't stand being poor. I'd get a few drinks in me and somehow, somehow the struggle'd seem a little more dignified. Then came this darn girl. She sort of fell in love with me for awhile and, though I never intended to get so involved, whenever I'd get a little tight I'd run into her somewhere. You can imagine the sort of work I was doing for those exporting people—sometimes I'd come into that office white as a sheet without even having closed my eyes all night. Of course, I always intended to draw; do illustrating for magazines; there's a pile of money in it."

"Why didn't you?"

"Why, I never seemed to get around to it."

"You've got to buckle down if you want to make good," suggested Cory coolly.

"I tried, a little, but my stuff's crude. I've got talent, Phil; I can draw—but I just don't know how. I ought to go to art school and I can't afford it. Well, things came to a crisis about a week ago. Just as I was down to about my last dollar this girl began bothering me. She wants some money; claims she can make trouble for me if she doesn't get it."

"Can she?"

"I'm afraid she can. That's one reason I lost my job—she kept calling up the office all the time, and that was sort of the last straw down there. She's got a letter all written to send to my family.

Oh, she's got me, all right. I've got to have some money for her."

There was an awkward pause.

Gordon lay very still, his hands clenched by his side, his eyes showing up large and dark in his feverish face.

"I'm all in," he continued, his voice trembling, "I'm half crazy, Phil. If I hadn't known you were coming east, I think I'd have killed myself. I want you to lend me five hundred dollars."

Cory's hands, which had been absently patting his bare ankle, suddenly stopped—and the curious uncertainty playing between the two became strained and taut.

After a second Gordon continued:

"I've bled the family until I'm ashamed to ask 'em for another nickel."

Still Cory made no answer.

"Gloria says she's got to have two hundred dollars."

"Tell her where she can go."

"Yes, that sounds easy, but she's got a couple of drunken letters I wrote her. Unfortunately she's not at all the flabby sort of person you'd expect."

Cory made an expression of distaste.

"I can't stand that sort of woman. You ought to have kept away."

"I know," admitted Gordon wearily.

"You've got to look at things as they are. If you haven't got money you've got to work and stay away from liquor and women."

"That's easy for you to say," began Gordon, his eyes narrowing, "you've got all the money in the world."

"I most certainly have not. My family keep darn close tab on what I spend. Just because I have a little leeway I have to be extra careful not to abuse it."

Gordon laughed bitterly.

"I don't know," he said, "maybe you're right. But it just seems as if everything had combined against me—everything. I didn't want to get stewed most of the time, but I got so damn lonely and before I knew it I'd be thinking what's the use, why not be happy this evening anyhow."

Cory raised the blind and let in a further flood of sunshine.

"I'm no prig, Lord knows," he said deliberately. "I like a highball—and I like a lot of 'em on a vacation like this, but you're—you're in awful shape. I never heard you talk just this way before. There's an air about you of—of weakness."

"I know."

"You seem to be sort of bankrupt—morally as well as financially."

"Don't they usually go together?"

Cory shook his head impatiently.

"There's a regular aura about you that I don't understand. It's a sort of evil."

"It's an air of poverty and sleepless nights and too much liquor," said Gordon, rather defiantly.

"I don't know."

"Oh, I admit I'm depressing. I depress myself. But, my God, Phil, a week's rest and a new suit and some ready money and I'd be like—like I was. Phil, I can draw like a streak, and you know it. But half the time I haven't had the money to buy decent drawing materials—and I can't draw when I'm tired and discouraged and all in. With a little ready money I can take a few weeks off and get started."

"How do I know you wouldn't use it to get drunk with?"

"Why rub it in?" said Gordon quietly.

"I'm not rubbing it in. I hate to see you this way."

"Will you lend me the money, Phil?"

"I can't decide right off. That's a lot of money and it'll be darn inconvenient for me."

"It'll be hell for me if you can't—oh, I know I'm whining, and it's all my own fault but—that doesn't change it."

"When could you pay it back?"

This was encouraging. Gordon considered. It was probably wisest to be frank.

"Of course, I could promise to send it back next month, but—I'd better say three months. Just as soon as I start to sell drawings."

"How do I know you'll sell any drawings?"

Some new quality of hardness in Cory's voice sent a faint chill of doubt over Gordon. Was it possible that he wouldn't get the money?

"I supposed you had a little confidence in me."

"I did have—but when I see you like this I begin to wonder. I'm hanged if I'll help you to make a drunken sot of yourself."

"Do you suppose if I wasn't at the end of my rope I'd come to you like this? Do you think I'm enjoying it?" He broke off and bit his lip, feeling that he had better subdue the rising anger in his voice. After all, he was the suppliant.

"You seem to manage it pretty easily," said Cory angrily. "You put me in the position where, if I don't lend it to you, I'm a sucker—oh, yes you do. And let me tell you it's no easy thing for me to get hold of five hundred dollars. My income isn't so big but that a slice like that won't play the deuce with it."

He left his chair and began to dress, choosing his clothes very carefully. Gordon stretched out his arms and clenched the edges of the bed, fighting back a desire to cry out. His head was splitting and whirring, his mouth was dry and bitter and he could feel the fever in his blood resolving itself into innumerable regular counts like a slow dripping from a roof.

Cory tied his tie carefully, brushed his eyebrows and removed a piece of tobacco from his teeth with an air of critical solemnity. Next he filled his cigarette case, tossed the empty box thoughtfully into the waste basket and settled the case in his vest pocket.

"Had breakfast?" he demanded, turning to Gordon.

"No; I don't eat it any more."

"Well, we'll go out and have some. We'll decide about that money later. I'm sick of the subject. I came east to have a good time.

"Let's go over to the Yale Club," he continued moodily, and then added with an implied reproof. "You've given up your job. You've nothing else to do."

"I'd have a lot to do if I had a little money," said Gordon pointedly.

"Oh, for heaven's sake drop the subject for a while. No point in glooming on my whole trip. Here, here's some money."

He took a five-dollar bill from his wallet and tossed it over to Gordon, who folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. There was an added spot of colour in his cheeks, an added glow that was not fever. For an instant before they turned to go out their eyes met and in that instant each found something that made him lower his own glance quickly. For in that instant they quite definitely and completely hated each other.

CHAPTER II

Fifth Avenue, Forty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue swarmed with the noon crowd. A bright sun had shot through two days' cloudiness and glittered in transient gold through the thick windows of the smart shops, lighting upon mesh bags and purses and strings of pearls laid in grey velvet cases; upon gaudy feather fans of many colours; upon the laces and silks of expensive dresses; upon the great paintings and period furniture in the elaborate show rooms of interior decorators.

Gossiping shop-girls, in pairs and groups and swarms, loitered by these windows, choosing their future boudoirs from some resplendent display which included even a man's silk pyjamas laid domestically across the bed. They stood in front of the jewelry stores and picked out their engagement rings and their wedding rings and their platinum wrist watches and then drifted on to inspect the feather fans and opera cloaks; most of them meanwhile digesting the sandwiches and sundaes that had comprised their lunch.

All through the crowd were men in uniform, sailors from the great fleet anchored in the Hudson, soldiers with divisional insignia from Massachusetts to Maine, wanting fearfully to be noticed and finding the great city perhaps

a little fed up with soldiers unless they were nicely massed into pretty formations and staggering under the weight of a pack and rifle.

Through this medley Cory and Gordon wandered; the former interested, made alert by the display of humanity at its frothiest and gaudiest; the latter morose, blind to all except the ugliness that, to him, lay just beneath. He could not enjoy this crowd on the Avenue. Too often he had been one of the crowd, tired, casually fed, overworked and dissipated. To Cory the struggle was significant, young, cheerful; to Gordon it was dismal, meaningless, endless.

In the Yale Club they met a group of their former classmates who greeted Cory vociferously, and sitting around in a semi-circle of lounges and great chairs they had a highball all around.

Gordon, who took nothing to drink, found the conversation tiresome and interminable. They lunched together *en masse*, warmed with liquor as the afternoon began. They were all going to the Gamma Psi dance that night. It promised to be the best party since the war.

"Edith Bradin's coming," said someone, and turning to Gordon he added, "Didn't she used to be an old flame of yours? Aren't you both from Harrisburg?"

"Yes." He tried to change the subject—"I see her brother occasionally. He's sort of a socialistic nut. Runs a paper or something here in New York."

"Not like his gay sister, eh?"

"No."

"Well," continued his eager informant, "she's coming to-night with some undergraduate named Barton."

Gordon was to meet Gloria at eight o'clock—he had promised to have some money for her. Several times he glanced nervously at his wrist watch. At four o'clock, to his relief, Cory rose and announced that he was going over to Rivers Brothers to buy some collars and ties. But to Gordon's great dismay, as they left the Club another of the party joined them. Cory was in a jovial mood now, happy expectant of the evening's party, faintly hilarious. Over in Rivers' he chose a dozen neckties, selecting each one after long deliberation and consultations with the other man. Did they think narrow ties were coming back? And wasn't it a shame that Rivers couldn't get any more Welsh Margotson collars? There never was a collar like the "Livingston."

Gordon was in something of a panic. He wanted the money right away. A vague idea of attending the Gamma Psi dance was becoming intermixed with his misery. He wanted to see Edith—Edith whom he hadn't met since one fairy night at the Harrisburg Country Club just before he went to France. Somehow the affair had died, drowned in the turmoil of the war and quite forgotten in the arabesque of these three months, but a picture of her laughing, débonnaire, rambling on in her inconsequential chatter, flashed before him and brought a dozen memories with it. It was Edith's face that he had cherished through college with a sort of detached yet affectionate admiration. He had loved to draw her—around his room had been a dozen sketches of her—playing golf, in bathing—he could draw her pert, kindly profile with his eyes shut.

Yes, if he could get this money he could buy the essentials that would enable him to go to the dance and talk to her. That was what he needed after all, he thought—a good woman. But he must first have his dinner coat pressed, buy a dress shirt and some dancing slippers, redeem his pawned studs—and before all, he must settle with Gloria.

They left Rivers' at five-thirty and paused for a minute on the sidewalk.

"Well," said Cory genially, "I'm all set now. Think I'll go back to the hotel and get a shave, haircut and massage."

"Good enough," said the other man, "I think I'll join you."

Gordon wondered if he was to be beaten after all. With difficulty he restrained himself from turning to the man and snarling out a "Go on away, damn you!" In despair he suspected

that perhaps Cory had spoken to him, was keeping him along in order to avoid a dispute about the money.

They went into the Biltmore—a Biltmore gay with girls; Western girls with high colour and erect bodies, Southern girls with soft voices and limpid intriguing eyes, Eastern girls, bored and fashionable, and around them all stood the men, very well set up and correctly dressed for the parade of beauty. For these girls were in a measure the pick of East and South, and West, the stellar débutantes of many cities gathered for the dance of a famous fraternity of a famous university.

But to Gordon they were faces in a dream. He gathered together his forces for a last appeal, was about to come out with he knew not what, when Cory suddenly excused himself to the other man and taking Gordon's arm led him aside.

"Gordy," he said quickly, "I've thought the whole thing over carefully and I've decided that I can't lend you that money. I'd like to oblige you, but I don't feel I ought to—it'd put a crimp in me for a month."

Gordon was watching him dully, wondering why he had never before noticed how much those upper teeth projected. If he hit him now he would catch him just on the point of the two centre ones.

"—I'm mighty sorry, Gordon," continued Cory, "but that's the way it is."

He took out his wallet and hurriedly counted out seventy-five dollars in bills.

"Here," he said, holding them out, "here's seventy-five; that makes eighty all together. That's all the actual cash I have with me besides what I'll actually spend on the trip."

Gordon raised his clenched hand automatically, opened it as though it were a tongs he was holding, and clenched it again on the money.

"I'll see you at the dance," continued Cory. "I've got to get shaved now."

"So long," said Gordon in a strained and husky voice.

"So long."

Cory began to smile but seemed to change his mind. He nodded briskly and disappeared.

But Gordon stood there, his handsome face awry with distress, the roll of bills clenched tightly in his hand. Then blinded by sudden tears he stumbled clumsily down the Biltmore steps.

CHAPTER III

About nine o'clock of the same night two human beings came out of a cheap restaurant in Sixth Avenue. They were ugly, ill-formed, devoid of all except the very lowest form of intelligence and without even that animal exuberance that in itself may bring colour to the struggle of life; they were lately vermin-ridden, cold and hungry in a dirty town of a strange land; they were poor, friendless and, tossed as driftwood from their births, would be tossed as driftwood to their deaths. They were dressed in the uniform of the United States Army and on the shoulder of each was the insignia of a drafted division from New Jersey, landed three days before.

The taller of the two was named Carrol Key, a name hinting that in his veins, however thinly diluted by generations of degeneration, ran the blood of distinguished forebears. But one could stare endlessly at the long chinless face, the dull watery eyes and high cheekbones without finding a suggestion of either ancestral worth or native intelligence.

His companion was swart and bandy-legged with rat-eyes and a much broken hooked nose. His defiant air was obviously a pretence, a weapon of protection, borrowed from that world of snarl and snap, of physical bluff and physical menace, in which he had always lived. His name was Gus Rose.

Leaving the café they sauntered down Sixth Avenue, wielding toothpicks with great gusto and an air of complete detachment.

"Where to?" asked Rose in a tone which implied that he would not be surprised or opposed if Key mentioned the South Sea Islands.

"Whatcha say we see if we can getta

holda some liquor?" The ginger in this suggestion was caused by the law forbidding the selling of liquor to soldiers.

Rose agreed enthusiastically.

"I got an idea," continued Key, after a moment's thought, "I got a brother somewhere."

"In New York?"

"Yeah. He's an old fella. He's a waiter in a hash joint."

"Let's go there and maybe he can get us some."

"I'll say he will."

"B'lieve me, I'm goin' to get this darn uniform off me to-morra an' never get it on again, neither. I'm goin' to get me some regular clothes."

"Say, maybe I'm not."

As their combined finances were something less than five dollars, this intention can be taken largely as a pleasant game of words, harmless and consoling. It seemed to please both of them, however, for they reinforced it with chuckles and mentionings of people high in biblical circles, adding such further emphasis as "Oh, Boy!" "You know!" and "I'll say so!" repeated many times over.

The entire mental pabulum of these two men consisted of a pessimistic nasal comment extended through the years upon the attitude toward them of the institution—army, business or poorhouse—which kept them alive, and toward their immediate superior in that institution. Until that very morning the institution had been the "government" and the immediate superior had been the "Cap'n"—from these two they glided out and were now in the vaguely uncomfortable state before they should adopt their next bondage. They were uncertain, resentful and somewhat ill at ease. This they hid by pretending an elaborate relief at being out of the army, and by assuring each other that military discipline should never again rule their stubborn, liberty-loving wills. Yet, as a matter of fact, they would have felt more at home in a prison than in this complete and unquestioned new-found liberty.

Suddenly Key increased his gait. Rose, looking up and following his glance, discovered a crowd that was collecting fifty yards down the street. Key chuckled and began to run in the direction of the crowd; Rose thereupon also chuckled and broke into a run, his short bandy legs seeming to twinkle beside the long, awkward strides of his companion.

Reaching the outskirts of the crowd they immediately became an indistinguishable part of it. It was composed of ragged civilians somewhat the worse for liquor, and of soldiers representing many divisions and many stages of sobriety, all clustered around a gesticulating little Jew with long black whiskers, who was waving his arms and delivering an excited but quite succinct harangue. Key and Rose, having wedged themselves into the approximate parquet, scrutinized him with acute suspicion as his words penetrated their consciousness.

"—What have you got outa the war?" he was crying fiercely. "Look arounja, look arounja! Are you rich? Have you got a lot of money offered you?—no; you're lucky if you're alive and got both your legs; you're lucky if you came back an' fin' your wife ain't gone off with some other fella that had the money to buy himself out of the war! That's when you're lucky! Who got anything out of it except J. P. Morgan an' John D. Rockerfeller?"

At this point the little Jew's oration was interrupted by the hostile impact of a fist upon the point of his bearded chin and he toppled backward to a sprawl on the pavement.

"The damn Bolsheviki!" cried the big soldier with the arm of a blacksmith who had delivered the blow. There was a rumble of approval, the crowd closed in nearer.

The Jew staggered to his feet, and immediately went down again before a half-dozen reaching-in fists. This time he stayed down, breathing heavily, blood oozing from his lip where it was cut within and without.

There was a riot of voices.

"Too many of those damn suckers!"

"We ought to kill the dirty scum!"

"Damn filthy Russian Jews."

In a minute Rose and Key found themselves flowing with the jumbled crowd down Sixth Avenue under the leadership of a thin civilian in a slouch hat and the brawny soldier who had summarily ended the oration. The crowd had swollen marvellously to formidable proportions and a stream of more non-committal citizens followed it along the sidewalks lending their moral support by intermittent huzzas.

"Where we goin'?" yelled Key to the man nearest him.

His neighbour pointed up to the leader in the slouch hat.

"That guy knows where there's a lot of 'em! We're goin' to show 'em!"

"We're goin' to show 'em!" whispered Key delightedly to Rose, who repeated rapturously to a man on the other side.

Down Sixth Avenue swept the procession, joined here and there by soldiers and marines, and now and then by civilians, who came up with the inevitable cry that they were just out of the army themselves, as if presenting it as a card of admission to a newly-formed Sporting and Amusement Club.

Then the procession swerved down a cross street and headed for Fifth Avenue and the word filtered here and there that they were bound for a Red meeting at Tolliver Hall.

"Where is it?"

The question went up the line and a moment later the answer floated back. Tolliver Hall was down in Tenth Street. There was a bunch of other sojers who was goin' to break it up and was down there now!

But Tenth Street had a faraway sound and at the word a general groan went up and a score of the procession dropped out. Among these were Rose and Key, who slowed down to a saunter and let the more enthusiastic sweep on by them.

"I'd rather get some liquor," said Key as they halted and made their way to the sidewalk amid cries of "Shell hole!" and "Quitters!"

"Does your brother work around here?" asked Rose, assuming the air of one passing from the superficial to the eternal.

"He oughta," replied Key. "I ain't seen him for a coupla years. I been out to Pennsylvania since. Maybe he don't work at night anyhow. It's right along here and he can get us some o'right if he ain't gone."

They found the place after a few minutes' patrol of the street—a shoddy table-cloth restaurant between Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Here Key inquired for his brother George while Rose waited outside.

"He ain't here no more," said Key as he emerged. "He's a waiter up to Delmonico's."

Rose nodded wisely as if he'd expected as much. One should not be surprised at a capable man changing jobs occasionally. He knew a waiter once—there ensued a long conversation as they walked as to whether waiters made more in actual wages than in tips—it was decided that it depended on the social tone of the joint wherein the waiter laboured. After having given each other vivid pictures of millionaires dining at Delmonico's and throwing away fifty-dollar bills after their first quart of champagne, both men thought privately of becoming waiters. In fact, behind Key's narrow brow was secretly forming a resolution to ask his brother about the profession and see if he could get him a job.

"A waiter can drink up all the champagne those fellas leave in bottles," suggested Rose with some relish and then added as an afterthought, "Oh, boy!"

By the time they reached Delmonico's it was half-past ten and they were surprised to see a stream of taxis driving up to the door one after the other and emitting marvellous young ladies in opera cloaks of blue and yellow and rose, hatless and elaborately coiffured, each one attended by a stiff young gentleman in evening clothes.

"It's a party," said Rose with some awe. "Maybe we better not go in. He'll be busy."

"No he won't. He'll be o'right."

After some hesitation they entered what appeared to them to be the least elaborate door and, indecision falling upon them immediately, they stationed themselves nervously in an inconspicuous corner of the small dining room in which they found themselves. They took off their caps and held them in their hands. A cloud of gloom fell upon them and they both started when a door at one end of the room crashed open, emitted a comet-like waiter who streaked across the floor and vanished through another door on the other side.

There had been three of these lightning passages before the seekers mustered the acumen to hail a waiter. He turned, looked at them suspiciously and then approached with soft, catlike steps as if prepared at any moment to turn and flee.

"Say," began Key, "say, do you know my brother? He's a waiter here."

"His name is Key," annotated Rose.

Yes, the waiter knew Key. He was upstairs he thought. There was a big dance going on in the main ball room. He'd tell him.

Ten minutes later George Key appeared and greeted his brother with the utmost suspicion; his first and most natural thought being that he was going to be asked for money.

George was tall and weak chinned, but there his resemblance to his brother ceased. The waiter's eyes were not dull, they were alert and twinkling and his manner was suave, in-door and faintly superior. They exchanged formalities. George was married and had three children. He seemed faintly interested, but not impressed by the fact that Carrol had been abroad in the army, which latter fact disappointed Carrol.

"George," said the younger brother, these amenities having been disposed of, "we want to get some liquor and they won't sell us any. Can you get us some?"

George considered.

"Sure. Maybe I can. It may be half an hour, though."

"All right," agreed Carrol, "we'll wait."

He started to sit down in a convenient chair, but was hailed to his feet by the indignant George.

"Hey! Watch out, you! Can't sit down here! This room's all set for a midnight banquet."

"I ain't goin' to hurt it," said Carrol. "I been through the delouser."

"Never mind," said George sternly, "if the head waiter seen me here talkin' he'd romp all over me."

"Oh!"

The mention of the head waiter was full explanation to the other two; they fingered their overseas caps nervously and waited for a suggestion.

"I tell you," said George, after a pause, "I got a place you can wait; you just come with me."

They followed him out the far door, through a deserted pantry and up a pair of dark winding stairs, emerging finally into a small room chiefly furnished by piles of pails and stacks of used and unused scrubbing brushes and illuminated by a single dim electric light. There he left them, after soliciting two dollars and agreeing to return in half an hour with a quart of whiskey.

"George is makin' money, I bet," said Key gloomily as he seated himself on an inverted pail. "I bet he's making fifty dollars a week."

Rose nodded his head and spat.

"I bet he is, too."

"What'd he say the dance was of?"

"A lot of college fellas. Yale College."

They both nodded solemnly at each other.

"Wonder where that crowda sojers is now?"

"Maybe they're there. I don't know. I know that's too darn long to walk for me."

"Me too. You don't catch me walkin' that far."

Ten minutes later restlessness seized them.

"I'm goin' to see what's out here," said Rose, stepping cautiously toward the other door.

It was a swinging door of green baize and he pushed it cautiously open an inch.

"See anything?"

For answer Rose drew in his breath sharply.

"Doggone! Here's some liquor I'll say!"

"Liquor?"

Key joined Rose at the door and looked eagerly.

"I'll tell the world that's liquor," he said, after a moment of concentrated gazing.

It was a room about twice as large as the one they were in—and in it was prepared a radiant feast of spirits. There were long walls of alternating bottles set along two white covered tables; whiskey, gin, brandy, French and Italian vermouths, and orange juice, not to mention an array of syphons and two great empty punch bowls. The room was as yet uninhabited.

"It's for this dance they're just starting," whispered Key; "hear the violins startin' playin'? Say boy, I wouldn't mind havin' a dance."

They closed the door softly and exchanged a glance of mutual comprehension. There was no need of feeling each other out.

"I'd like to get my hands on a coupla those bottles," said Rose emphatically.

"Me, too."

"Do you suppose we'd get seen?"

Key considered.

"Maybe we better wait till they start drinkin' 'em. They got 'em all laid out now and they know how many of them there are."

They debated this point for several minutes. Rose was all for getting his hands on a bottle now and tucking it under his coat before anyone came into the room. Key, however, advocated caution. He was afraid he might get his brother in trouble. If they waited till some of the bottles were opened it'd be all right to take one and everybody'd think one of the guests had taken it.

While they were still engaged in argument George Key hurried through the room and barely grunting at them disappeared by way of the green baize door. A minute later they heard several corks pop and then the sound of cracking ice and splashing liquid. George was mixing the punch.

The soldiers exchanged delighted grins.

"Oh, Boy!" whispered Rose.

George reappeared.

"Just keep low, boys," he said quickly, "I'll have your stuff for you in five minutes."

He disappeared through the door by which he had come.

As soon as his footsteps receded down the stairs, Rose, after a cautious look, darted into the room of delights and reappeared with a bottle in his hand.

"My idea is this," he said, as they sat radiantly digesting their first drink. "We'll wait till he comes up and we'll ask him if we can't just stay here and drink what he brings us—see. We'll tell him we haven't got any place to drink it—see. Then we can sneak in there whenever there ain't no one in that room and tuck a bottle under our coats. We'll have enough to last us a coupla days—see."

"Sure," agreed Rose enthusiastically. "Oh, boy! And if we want to we can sell it to soldiers any time we want to."

They were silent for a moment thinking rosily of this idea. Then Key reached up and unhooked the collar of his O.D. coat.

"It's hot in here, ain't it?"

Rose agreed earnestly.

"Hot as hell."

CHAPTER IV

She was still quite angry when she came out of the dressing-room and crossed the intervening parlour of politeness that opened on to the hall—angry not so much at the actual happening which was, after all, the merest commonplace of her social existence, but because it had occurred on this particular night. She had no quarrel with

herself. She had acted with that correct mixture of dignity and reticent pity which she always employed. She had succinctly and deftly snubbed him.

It had happened when their taxi was leaving the Biltmore—hadn't gone half a block. He had lifted his left arm awkwardly—she was on his right side—and attempted to settle it snugly around the crimson fur-trimmed opera cloak she wore. This in itself had been a mistake. It was inevitably more graceful for a young man attempting to embrace a young lady of whose acquiescence he was not certain, to first put his far arm around her. It avoided that awkward movement of raising the near arm.

His second *faux pas* was unconscious. She had spent the afternoon at the hairdresser's; the idea of any calamity overtaking her hair was extremely repugnant—yet as Peter made his unfortunate attempt the point of his elbow had just faintly brushed it. That was his second *faux pas*. Two were quite enough.

He had begun to murmur. At the first murmur she had decided that he was nothing but a college boy and that she was in love with another man—a man she had not seen for three years. A man for whom she had so far only a sad-eyed, adolescent mooniness. Edith Bradin was in love with Gordon Sterrett.

So she came out of the dressing-room at Delmonico's and stood for a second in the doorway looking over the shoulders of a black dress in front of her at the groups of Yale men who flitted like dignified black moths around the head of the stairs. From the room she had left drifted out the heavy fragrance left by the passage to and fro of many scented young beauties—rich perfumes and the fragile memory-laden dust of fragrant powders. This odour drifting out acquired the tang of cigarette smoke in the hall and then settled sensuously down the stairs and permeated the ballroom where the Gamma Psi dance was to be. It was an odour she knew well, exciting, stimulating, restlessly sweet—the odour of a fashionable dance.

She thought of her own appearance. Her bare arms and shoulders were powdered to a creamy white. She knew they looked very soft and would gleam like milk against the black arms and shoulders that were to silhouette them to-night. The hairdressing had been a success; her reddish mass of hair was piled and crushed and creased to an arrogant marvel of mobile curves. Her lips were finely made of deep carmine; her nose was pert; the irises of her eyes were delicate, breakable blue, like china eyes. She was a complete, infinitely delicate, quite perfect thing of beauty, flowing in an even line from a complex coiffure to two small slim feet.

She thought of what she would say to-night at this revel, faintly presaged already by the sounds of high and low laughter and slippered footsteps and movements of couples up and down the stairs. She would talk the language she had talked for many years—her line—made up of the current expressions, bits of *journalese* and college slang strung together into an intrinsic whole, careless, faintly provocative, delicately sentimental. She smiled faintly as she heard a girl sitting on the stairs near her say: "You don't know the half of it, dearie!"

And as she smiled her anger melted for a moment, and closing her eyes she drew in a deep breath of pleasure. She dropped her arms to her side until they were faintly touching the sleek sheath that covered and suggested her figure. She had never felt her own softness so much nor so enjoyed the whiteness of her own arms.

"I smell sweet," she said to herself simply, and then came another thought—"I'm made for love."

She liked the sound of this and thought it again; then in inevitable succession came her newborn riot of dreams about Gordon. An unexpected, unexplainable twist of her imagination two months before had disclosed to Edith that she wanted Gordon more than she wanted anything in the world.

For all her sleek beauty, Edith was a grave, slow-thinking girl. There was a streak in her of that same desire to ponder, of that adolescent idealism that had turned her brother socialist and pacifist. Henry Bradin had left Cornell, where he had been an assistant in economics, and came to New York to pour the dissatisfaction of his active mind into the columns of a radical weekly newspaper. He was managing editor of the *New York Trumpet*. Ostensibly, brother and sister had no more in common than a beaver and a peacock; at heart the springs of Harold's idealism were twin to the motive power of Edith's fancies.

She was twenty-one, with a faint weariness. There was a quality of weakness she had always seen in Gordon that she wanted to take care of; there was a quality of helplessness in him that she wanted to protect. And she wanted someone she had known a long while, someone who had loved her a long while. She was a little tired; she wanted to get married. Out of a pile of letters, half a dozen pictures and as many memories, and, somehow, this tiredness, she had decided that next time she saw Gordon their relations were going to be changed. She would say something that would change them. There was this evening. This was her evening. All evenings were her evenings.

Then her thoughts were interrupted by a solemn undergraduate with a hurt look and an air of strained formality presenting himself before her and bowing unusually low. It was the man she had come with, Peter Barton. He was tall and humorous, with horned-rimmed glasses and an air of attractive whimsicality. She suddenly rather disliked him—probably because he had not succeeded in kissing her.

"Well," she began, "are you still furious at me?"

"Not at all."

She stepped forward and took his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "I don't know why I snapped out that way. I'm in a bad humour to-night, I guess, for some strange reason. I'm sorry."

"S'all right," he mumbled, "don't mention it."

He felt disagreeably embarrassed. As if she was rubbing in the fact of his late failure.

"It was a mistake," she continued, on the same consciously gentle key. "We'll both forget it."

A few minutes later they drifted out on the floor while the dozen swaying, sighing members of the specially hired jazz orchestra informed the crowded ball-room that if a saxophone is left alone it's more than enough for me.

A man with a light moustache cut in.

"Hello," he began reprovingly. "You don't remember me."

"I can't just find your name," she said lightly—"and I know you so well."

"I met you up at—" His voice trailed disconsolately off as a man with very fair hair cut in. Edith murmured a conventional "Thanks, loads—cut in later," to the *inconnu*.

The very fair man insisted on shaking hands enthusiastically. She placed him as one of the numerous Jims of her acquaintance—last name a mystery. She remembered even that he had a peculiar rhythm in dancing; found as they started that she was right.

"Going to be here long?" he breathed confidentially.

She leaned back and looked up at him.

"Couple of weeks."

"Where are you?"

"Biltmore. Call me up some day."

"I mean it—I will. We'll go to tea."

"So do I—do."

A dark man cut in with intense formality.

"You don't remember me, do you?" he said gravely.

"I should say I do. Your name's Harlan."

"No-ope. Barlow."

"Well, I knew there were two syllables anyway. You're the boy that

played the ukulele so well up at Jim Marshall's house party."

"I played—but not—"

A light-haired man with prominent teeth cut in. Edith inhaled a slight cloud of whiskey. It made her feel quite at home. She liked men to have had something to drink; they were so much more cheerful and appreciative and complimentary—much easier to talk to.

"My name's Cory, Philip Cory," he said cheerfully. "You don't remember me, I know, but you used to come up to New Haven with a fellow I roomed with senior year, Gordon Sterrett."

Edith looked up quickly.

"Yes, I went up with him twice—to the Pump and Slipper and the Junior prom."

"You've seen him, of course," said Cory carelessly. "He's here to-night. I saw him just a minute ago."

Edith started. Yet she had felt quite sure he would be here.

"Why no, I haven't—"

A little man with black hair cut in.

"Hello, Edith," he began.

"Why—hello there—"

She slipped, stumbled lightly.

"I'm sorry, dear," she murmured mechanically.

She had seen Gordon—Gordon very white and listless, leaning against the side of a doorway, smoking and looking into the ball-room. Edith could see that his face was thin and wan—that the hand he raised to his lips with a cigarette was trembling. They were dancing quite close to him now.

"—They invite so darn many extra fellas that you—" the short man was saying.

"Hello, Gordon," said Edith over her partner's shoulder. Her heart was pounding wildly.

His large dark eyes were fixed on her. He took a step in her direction. Her partner turned her away—she heard his voice bleating—

"—but half the men get lit and leave long before, so—"

Then a low tone at her side.

"May I, please?"

She was dancing suddenly with Gordon; one of his arms was around her; she felt it tighten spasmodically; felt his hand on her back with the fingers spread. Her hand holding the little lace handkerchief was crushed in his.

"Why, Gordon," she began breathlessly.

"Hello, Edith."

She slipped again—was tossed forward by her recovery until her face touched the black cloth of his dinner coat. She loved him—she knew she loved him—then for a minute there was silence while a strange feeling of uneasiness crept over her. Something was wrong.

Of a sudden her heart wrenched and turned over as she realized what it was. He was pitifully and wretchedly drunk.

"Oh—" she cried involuntarily.

His eyes looked down at her. She saw suddenly that they were blood-streaked and rolling uncontrollably.

"Gordon," she murmured, "we'll sit down; I want to sit down."

They were nearly in mid-floor, but she had seen two men start toward her from opposite sides of the room, so she halted, seized Gordon's limp hand and led him bumping through the crowd, her mouth tight shut, her face a little pale under her rouge, her eyes trembling with tears.

She found a place high up on the soft-carpeted stairs and he sat down heavily beside her.

"Well," he began, staring at her unsteadily, "I certainly am glad to see you, Edith."

She looked at him without answering. The effect of this on her was immeasurable. For years she had seen men in various stages of intoxication, from uncles all the way down to chauffeurs, and her feelings had varied from amusement to disgust, but here for the first time she was seized with a new feeling—an unutterable horror.

"Gordon," she said accusingly and almost crying, "you're drunk."

He nodded. "I've had trouble, Edith."

"Trouble?"

"All sorts of trouble. Just big mess. Don't you say anything to the family, but I'm all gone pieces. I'm a mess. I'm a mess, Edith."

His lower lip was sagging. He seemed scarcely to see her.

"Can't you—can't you," she hesitated, "can't you tell me about it, Gordon? You know I'm always interested in you."

She bit her lip—she had intended to say something stronger, but found at the end that she couldn't bring it out.

Gordon shook his head dully. "I can't tell you. You're a good woman. I can't tell a good woman the story."

"Rot," she said defiantly. "I think it's a perfect insult to call anyone a good woman in that way. It's a slam."

"You're a good woman," he repeated.

"You're drunk, Gordon."

"Thanks." He inclined his head gravely. "Thanks for the information."

"Why do you drink?"

"Because I'm so damn miserable."

"Do you think drinking's going to make it any better?"

"What you doing—trying to reform me?"

"No; I'm trying to help you, Gordon. Can't you tell me about it?"

"What do you mean? I'm in an awful mess. Best thing you can do is to pretend not to know me."

"Why, Gordon?"

"That's it—pretend not know me. I'm sorry I cut in on you—unfair to you. You're pure woman—I'm a bad man. Now on we pretend not know each other. Here, I'll get someone else to dance with you."

He half rose clumsily to his feet, but she reached up and pulled him down beside her on the stairs.

"Here, Gordon. You're ridiculous. You're hurting me. You're acting like a—like a drunken man—"

"Admit it. I'm drunken. I'm not worthy look at you. Something's wrong with me, Edith, from bottom up. There's something left me. It doesn't matter."

"It does, tell me."

"Just that. I was always queer—li'l bit different from other boys. All right in college, but now it's all wrong. Things have been snapping inside me for four months like li'l hooks on a dress and it's about to come off when a few more hooks go. I'm very gradually going crazy."

He turned his eyes full on her and began to laugh, and she shrank away from him.

"What *is* the matter?"

"Just me," he repeated. "I'm going crazy. This whole place is like a dream to me—this Delmonico's—"

As he talked she saw he had changed utterly. He wasn't at all light and gay and careless—a great lethargy and discouragement had come over him. Revulsion seized her, followed by a faint, surprising boredom. His voice seemed to come out of a great void.

"Edith," he said, "I used to think I was clever, talented, an artist. Now I know I'm nothing. Can't draw, Edith. Don't know why I'm telling you this."

She nodded absently.

"I can't draw, I can't do anything. I'm poor as a church mouse." He laughed, bitterly and rather too loud. "I've become a damn beggar, a leech on my friends. I'm a failure. I'm poor as hell."

Her distaste was growing. She barely nodded this time, waiting for her first possible cue to rise.

Suddenly Gordon's eyes filled with tears.

"Edith," he said, turning to her with what was evidently a strong effort at self-control, "I can't tell you what it means to me to know there's one person left who's interested in me."

He reached out and patted her hand and unconsciously she drew it away.

"It's mighty fine of you," he repeated.

"Well," she said slowly, looking him in the eye, "anyone's always glad to see an old friend—but I'm sorry to see you like this, Gordon."

There was a pause while they looked at each other and the momentary eagerness in his eyes wavered. She rose and stood looking at him, her face quite expressionless.

"Shall we dance?" she suggested coolly.

—Love is fragile—she was thinking—but perhaps the pieces are saved. The new love words, the tendernesses learned, are treasured up for the next lover.

CHAPTER V

PETER BARTON, unaccustomed to being snubbed, having been snubbed, was hurt and embarrassed and ashamed of himself. For a matter of two months he had been on special delivery terms with Edith Bradin and, knowing that the one excuse and explanation of the special delivery letter is its value in sentimental correspondence, he had believed himself quite sure of his ground. He searched in vain for any reason why she should have taken this attitude in the matter of a simple kiss.

Therefore when he was cut in on by the fair-haired man he went out into the hall and, making up a sentence, said it over to himself several times. Considerably deleted, this is it:

"Well, if any girl ever led a man on and then jolted him, she did—and she has no kick coming if I go out and get beautifully boiled."

So he walked through the supper room into a small room adjoining it, which he had located earlier in the evening. It was a room in which there were several large bowls of punch flanked by many bottles. He took a seat beside the table which held the bowls.

At the second highball, boredom, disgust, the monotony of time, the turbidity of events, sank into a vague background before which glittering cobwebs formed. Things became reconciled to themselves, lay quietly on their shelves; the troubles of the day arranged themselves in trim formation and at his curt wish of dismissal, marched off and disappeared. And with the departure of worry came brilliant, permeating symbolism. Edith became a flighty, negligible girl, not to be worried over; rather to be laughed at. She fitted like a figure of his own dream into the surface world forming about him. He himself became in a measure symbolic, a type of the continent bacchannal, the brilliant dreamer at play.

Then the symbolic mood faded and as he sipped his third highball his imagination yielded to the warm glow and he lapsed into a state similar to floating on his back in pleasant water; and it was at this point that he noticed that a green baize door near him was open about two inches and through the aperture a pair of eyes were watching him intently.

"Hm," murmured Peter, somewhat startled.

The green door closed—and then opened again—a bare half inch this time.

"Hm," murmured Peter.

The door remained stationary and then he became aware of a series of tense intermittent whispers.

"One guy."

"What's he doin'?"

"He's sittin' lookin'."

"He better beat it off. We gotta get another li'l bottle."

Peter listened while the words filtered into his consciousness.

"Now this," he thought, "is most remarkable."

He was excited. He was jubilant. He felt that he had stumbled upon a mystery. Affecting an elaborate carelessness he arose and walked around the table—then, turning quickly, pulled open the green door, precipitating Private Rose into the room.

Peter bowed.

"How do you do," he said.

Private Rose set one foot slightly in front of the other, poised for fight, flight or compromise.

"How do you do," repeated Peter politely.

"I'm o'right."

"Can I offer you a drink?"

Private Rose looked at him searchingly, suspecting possible sarcasm.

"O'right," he said finally.

Peter indicated a chair.

"Sit down."

"I got a friend," said Rose, "I got a friend in there." He pointed to the green door.

"By all means let's have him in."

Peter crossed over, opened the door and welcomed in Private Key, very suspicious and uncertain and guilty. Chairs were found and the three took their seats around the punch bowl. Peter gave them each a highball and offered them a cigarette from his case. They accepted both with some diffidence.

"Now," continued Peter easily, "may I ask why you gentlemen prefer to lounge away your leisure hours in a room which is chiefly furnished, as far as I can see, with scrubbing brushes, when the human race has progressed to the stage where seventeen thousand chairs are manufactured on every day except Sunday?"

Rose and Key regarded him vacantly. Key grunted.

"Will you tell me," went on Peter, "why you chose to rest yourselves on articles intended for the transportation of water from one place to another?"

At this point Rose contributed a grunt to the conversation.

"And lastly," finished Peter, "will you tell me why, when you are in a building beautifully hung with enormous candelabra, you prefer to spend these mellow evening hours under one anemic electric light?"

Rose looked at Key; Key looked at Rose. They laughed; they laughed uproariously; they found it was impossible to look at each other without laughing. But they were not laughing with this man—they were laughing at him. To them a man who talked after this fashion was either raving drunk or raving crazy.

"You are Yale men, I presume," said Peter, finishing his highball and preparing another.

They laughed again.

"Na-ah."

"So? I thought perhaps you might be members of that obscure section of the university known as the Sheffield Scientific School."

"Na-ah."

"Hm. Well, that's too bad. No doubt you are Harvard men, anxious to preserve your incognito in this—this paradise of violet blue, so to speak."

"Na-ah," said Key scornfully, "we was just waitin' for somebody."

"Ah," exclaimed Peter, rising and filling their glasses, "very interestin'. Had a date with a scrub-lady, eh?"

They both denied this indignantly.

"S'all right," Peter reassured them, "don't apologize. S'all right. Scrub-lady's as good as any lady in the world. Kipling says 'Any lady and Julie O'Grady under the skin.' One woman's as bad as another. Isn't she?"

"Sure," said Key, winking broadly at Rose.

"My case, for instance," continued Peter, finishing his glass. "I got a girl up here tha's spoiled. Spoildest darn girl I ever saw. Refuse to kiss me; no reason whats'ever. Led me on deliberately to think sure I want to kiss you and then plunk! Threw me over! Wha's younger generation comin' to?"

"Say, tha's hard luck," said Key—"that's awful hard luck."

"Oh, boy!" said Rose.

"Have another?" said Peter.

"We got in a sort of fight for awhile," said Key after a pause, "but it was too far away."

"A fight?—tha's stuff!" said Peter, seating himself unsteadily. "Fight 'em all! I was in the army."

"This was with a Bolshevik fella."

"Tha's stuff!" exclaimed Peter, enthusiastic. "That's what I say! Kill Bolshevik! Exterminate 'em!"

"We're Americuns," said Rose, implying a sturdy, defiant patriotism.

"Sure," said Peter. "Greates' race in the world! We're all Americuns! Have another."

They had another.

CHAPTER VI

At one o'clock a special orchestra, special even in a day of special orchestras, arrived at Delmonico's, and its members, seating themselves arrogantly around the piano, took up the burden of providing music for the Gamma Psi Fraternity. They were headed by a famous flute player, distinguished throughout New York for his feat of standing on his head and shimmying with his shoulders while he played the latest jazz on his flute. During his performance the lights were extinguished except for the spotlight on the flute player and another roving beam that threw flickering shadows and changing kaleidoscopic colours over the massed dancers.

Edith had danced herself into that tired, dreamy state possible only to débutantes, a state equivalent to the glow felt by a man after several long highballs. Her mind floated vaguely on the bosom of her music; her partners changed with the unreality of phantoms under the colourful shifting dusk, and to her present coma it seemed as if days had passed since the dance began. She had talked on many subjects with many men. She had been kissed once and made love to six times. Earlier in the evening different undergraduates had danced with her, but now, like all the more popular girls there she had her own entourage—that is, half a dozen gallants had singled her out or were alternating her charms with those of some other chosen beauty; they cut in on her in regular inevitable succession.

Several times she had seen Gordon—he had been sitting a long time on the stairway with his palm to his head, his dull eyes fixed at an infinite speck on the floor before him, very depressed, he looked, and quite drunk—but Edith each time had averted her glance hurriedly. All that seemed long ago; her mind was passive now, her senses were lulled to trance-like sleep; only her feet danced and her voice talked on in hazy sentimental banter.

But Edith was not nearly so tired as to be incapable of moral indignation when Peter Barton cut in on her quite sublimely and happily drunk. She gasped and looked up at him.

"Why, *Peter!*"

"I'm a li'l stewed, Edith."

"Why, Peter, you're disgusting, you are! Don't you think it's a rotten way of doing—to drink when you're with me?"

Then she smiled unwillingly, for he was looking at her with owlish sentimentality varied with a silly spasmodic smile.

"Darlin' Edith," he began earnestly, "you know I love you, don't you?"

"You tell it well."

"I love you—and I merely wanted you to kiss me," he added sadly.

His embarrassment, his shame were both gone. She was a mos' beautiful girl in whole worl'. Mos' beautiful eyes, like stars above. He wanted to 'pologize—firs', for presuming try to kiss her; second, for drinking—but he'd been so discouraged 'cause he had thought she was mad at him—

The very dark man cut in, and looking up at Edith smiled radiantly.

"Did you bring anyone?" she asked

No. The very dark man was a bachelor.

"Well, would you mind—would it be an awful bother for you to—to take me home to-night (this extreme diffidence was a charming affectation on Edith's part—she knew that the dark man would immediately dissolve into a paroxysm of delight).

"Bother? Why, good Lord, I'd be darn glad to! You know I'd be darn glad to."

"Thanks *loads!* You're awfully sweet."

She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was half-past one. And, as she said "half-past one" to herself, it floated vaguely into her mind that she had heard that very hour mentioned lately in some significant connection. Where?

Then she remembered, her brother had told her at luncheon that he worked in his Weekly office until after one-thirty every evening.

Edith turned suddenly to her current partner.

"What street is Delmonico's on, anyway?"

"Street? Oh, why Fifth Avenue, of course."

"I mean, what cross street?"

"Why — let's see — it's on Forty-fourth Street."

This verified what she had thought, Henry's office must be across the street and just around the corner, and it occurred to her immediately that she might slip over for a moment and surprise him, inspect his office, cheer him up, float in on him, a shimmering marvel in her new crimson opera cloak. It was exactly the sort of thing Edith revelled in doing—an unconventional, jaunty thing. The idea reached out and gripped at her imagination—after an instant's hesitation she had decided.

"My hair is just about to tumble entirely down," she said pleasantly to her partner, "would you mind if I go and fix it?"

"Not at all."

"I'll meet you at the door of the dressing-room in about fifteen minutes."

Wrapped in her crimson opera cloak she flitted down a sidestairs, her cheeks glowing with excitement at her little adventure. She ran by a couple who stood at the door—a weak-chinned waiter and an over-rouged young lady, in hot dispute—and opening the outer door stepped into the warm May night.

The over-rouged young lady followed her with a brief, bitter glance—then turned again to the weak-chinned waiter and took up her argument.

"You better go up and tell him I'm here," she said defiantly, "or I'll go up myself."

"No, you don't!" said George sternly.

The girl smiled sardonically.

"Oh, I don't, don't I? I'm not good enough, eh? Well, let me tell you I know more college fellas and more of 'em know me and are glad to take me out on a party, than you ever saw in your whole life."

"Maybe so—"

"Maybe so," she interrupted, mimicking him, "Oh, it's all right for any of 'em like that little lady that just ran out—Lord knows where she went—it's all right for them that are asked here to come or go as they like—but when I want to see a friend they have some cheap, ham-slinging, bring-me-a-doughnut waiter to stand here and keep me out."

"See here," said the elder Key indignantly, "I can't lose my job. Maybe this fella you're talkin' about doesn't want to see you."

"Oh, he wants to see me all right."

"Any ways, how could I find him in all that crowd?"

"Oh, he'll be there," she asserted confidently. "You just ask anybody for Gordon Sterrett and they'll point him out to you. They all know each other, those fellas."

She produced a mesh bag and taking out a dollar bill handed it to George.

"Here," she said, "here's a bribe. You find him and give him my message. You tell him if he isn't here in five minutes I'm coming up."

George shook his head pessimistically, considered the question for a moment, wavered violently and then withdrew.

In less than the allotted time Gordon came downstairs. He was quite as drunk as he had been earlier in the evening but in somehow a different way. The liquor seemed to have hardened on him like a crust. He was heavy and lurching—almost incoherent when he talked.

"'Lo Gloria," he said thickly, "come righ' away. Gloria, I couldn't get tha' money. Tried my best."

"Money nothing!" she snapped. "You haven't been near me for ten days. What's the matter?"

He shook his head slowly.

"Been very drunk, Gloria. Been sick."

"Why didn't you tell me if you were sick. I don't care about the money that bad. I didn't start botherin' you about it at all until you began neglecting me."

Again he shook his head.

"Haven't been neglecting you. Not t'all."

"Haven't! You haven't been near me for three weeks, unless you been so drunk you didn't know what you were doing."

"Been sick, Gloria," he repeated, turning his eyes upon her wearily.

"You're well enough to come and play with your débutante friends here all right. You told me you'd meet me for dinner and you said you'd have some money for me. You didn't even bother to ring me up."

"I couldn't get any money."

"Haven't I just been saying that doesn't matter. I wanted to see you, Gordon, but you seem to prefer your Yale girls."

He denied this bitterly.

"Then get your hat and come with me," she suggested.

Gordon hesitated—and she came suddenly close to him and slipped her arms around his neck.

"Come on with me, Gordon," she said in a half whisper. "We'll go over to Devineries and have a drink, and then we can go up to my apartment."

"I can't, Gloria—"

"You can," she said intensely.

"I'm sick as a dog!"

"Well, then, you oughtn't to stay here and dance."

With a glance around him in which relief and despair were mingled, Gordon hesitated and then suddenly pulled her to him clumsily and kissed her soft, pulpy lips.

"All right," he said heavily, "I'll get my hat."

CHAPTER VII

When Edith came out into the clear blue of May night she found the Avenue deserted. The windows of the great shops were dark; over their doors were drawn great iron masks until they were only shadowy tombs of the day's past splendour. Glancing down toward Forty-second Street she saw a commingled blur of lights from the all-night restaurants. Over on Sixth Avenue the elevated, a flare of fire roared across the street between the glimmering parallels of light at the station and streaked along into the crisp dark. But at Forty-fourth Street it was very quiet.

Pulling her cloak close about her Edith darted across the Avenue and hurried along Forty-fourth Street. She started nervously as a solitary man passed her and said in a hoarse whisper —"Where bound kiddo?" She was reminded of a night in her childhood when she had walked around the block in her pyjamas and a big dog had howled at her from a mystery-big back yard.

In a minute she had reached her destination, a two-story, comparatively old building in the upper window of which she thankfully detected a wisp of light. It was bright enough outside for her to make out the sign beside the window, "The New York Trumpet." She stepped inside a dark hall and after a second saw the stairs in the corner.

Then she was in a long, low room furnished with many desks and hung on all sides with file copies of newspapers. There were only two inhabitants. They were sitting at different ends of the room, each wearing a green eye-shade and writing by a solitary desk light.

For a moment she stood uncertainly in the doorway and then both men turned around simultaneously and she recognized her brother.

"Why, Edith!" He rose quickly and approached her in amazement, removing his eyeshade. He was tall, lean and dark, with black, piercing eyes under very thick glasses. They were far-away eyes that seemed always fixed just over the head of the person he was talking to.

He put his hands on her arms and kissed her cheek.

"What is it?" he repeated in some alarm.

"I was at a dance across at Delmonico's, Henry," she said excitedly, "and I couldn't resist tearing over to see you."

"I'm glad you did." His alertness gave way quickly to an habitual vague-

ness. "You oughtn't to be out alone at night though, had you?"

The man at the other end of the room had been looking at them curiously but at Henry's beckoning gesture he approached. He was loosely fat with little twinkling eyes, and having removed his collar and tie, he gave the impression, somehow, of a middle western farmer on Sunday afternoon.

"This is my sister," said Henry. "She dropped in to see me."

"Dropped in to see you, eh?" said the fat man smiling. "My name's Bartholomew, Miss Bradin. I know your brother has forgotten it long ago."

Edith laughed politely.

"Well," he continued, "not exactly gorgeous quarters we have here, are they?"

Edith looked around the room.

"They seem very nice," she replied. "Where do you keep the bombs?"

"The bombs?" repeated Bartholomew, laughing. "That's pretty good—the bombs. Did you hear her, Henry? She wants to know where we keep the bombs."

Edith swung herself on to a vacant desk and sat dangling her feet over the edge. Her brother took a chair beside her and produced his pipe.

"Well," he asked, "how do you like New York this trip?"

"Not bad."

"How's your dance?"

"Not bad, and, Henry, I'll be over at the Biltmore with the Hoyts until Sunday. Can't you come to luncheon tomorrow?"

He thought a moment.

"I'm especially busy," he objected, "and I hate women in groups."

"All right," she agreed unruffled. "Let's you and me have luncheon together."

"Very well."

"I'll call for you at twelve."

Bartholomew was obviously anxious to return to his desk, but apparently considered that it would be rude to leave without some parting pleasantry.

"Well"—he began awkwardly.

They both turned to him.

"Well, we—we had an exciting time earlier in the evening."

The two men exchanged glances and laughed.

"You should have come earlier," continued Bartholomew, somewhat encouraged. "We had a regular vaudeville."

"Did you really?"

"A serenade," put in Henry. "A lot of soldiers gathered down there in the street and began to yell at the sign."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Just a crowd," said Henry, abstractedly. "All crowds have to howl. They didn't have anybody with much initiative in the lead or they'd probably have forced their way in here and smashed things up."

"Yes," said Bartholomew, turning again to Edith, "you should have been here."

He seemed to consider this a sufficient cue for withdrawal, for he turned abruptly and went back to his desk.

"Are the soldiers all set against the Socialists?" demanded Edith of her brother. "I mean do they attack you violently and all that?"

Henry replaced his eye-shade and yawned.

"There always have been a lot of fools," he said casually. "The human race has come a long way, but most of us are throw-backs; the soldiers don't know what they want or what they hate or what they like. They're used to acting in large bodies and they seem to have to make demonstrations. So it happens to be against us. There've been riots all over the city tonight. It's May Day, you see—some sort of holiday."

"Was the disturbance here pretty serious?"

"Not a bit," he said scornfully. "About twenty-five of them stopped in the street about nine o'clock and began to bellow at the moon."

"Oh—" She changed the subject. "You're glad to see me, Henry?"

"Why, sure."

"You don't seem to be."

"I am."

"I suppose you think I'm a—a waster. Sort of the World's Worst Butterfly."

Henry laughed.

"Not at all. Have a good time while you're young. Why? Do I seem like the priggish and earnest youth?"

"No—" She paused, "—but somehow I began thinking how absolutely different the party I'm on is from—from all your purposes. It seems sort of—of incongruous, doesn't it?—me being at a party like that and you over here working for a thing that'll make that sort of party impossible ever any more."

"I don't think of it that way. You're young and you're acting just as you were brought up to act. Go ahead—have a good time?"

Her feet, which had been idly swinging, stopped and her voice dropped a note.

"I wish you'd—you'd come back to Harrisburg and have a good time. Do you feel sure that you're on the right track—"

"You're wearing beautiful stockings," he interrupted. "What on earth are they?"

"They're embroidered," she replied, glancing down. "Aren't they cunning?" She raised her skirts and uncovered slim, silk-sheathed calves, "Or do you disapprove of silk stockings?"

He seemed slightly exasperated, bent his dark eyes on her piercingly.

"Are you trying to make me out as criticizing you in any way, Edith?"

"Not at all—"

She paused. Someone had uttered a grunt. She turned and saw that Bartholomew had left his desk and was standing at the window.

"What is it?" demanded Henry.

"Some people," said Bartholomew, and then after an instant, "a whole jam of them. They're coming from Sixth Avenue."

"People?"

The fat man pressed his nose to the pane.

"Soldiers, by God!" he said emphatically. "I had an idea they'd come back."

Edith jumped to her feet and running over joined Bartholomew at the window.

"There's a lot of them!" she cried excitedly, "Come here, Henry!"

Henry readjusted his shade, but kept his seat.

"Simple apes," he commented contemptuously.

"Hadn't we better turn out the lights?" suggested Bartholomew.

"No. They'll go away in a moment."

"They're not," said Edith, peering from the window. "They're not even thinking of going away. There's more of them coming. Look—there's a whole crowd turning the corner of Sixth Avenue."

By the yellow glow and blue shadows of the street lamp she could see that the sidewalk was crowded with men. They were mostly in uniform, some sober, some enthusiastically drunk, and over the whole swept an incoherent clamour and shouting.

Henry rose and going to the window exposed himself as a long silhouette against the office lights. Immediately the shouting became a steady yell, and a rattling fusillade of small missiles, corners of tobacco plugs, cigarette boxes and even pennies beat against the window. The sounds of the racket which had hitherto come through the front windows now began floating up the stairs as the folding doors revolved.

"They're coming up!" cried Bartholomew.

Edith turned anxiously to Henry.

"They're coming up, Henry."

From downstairs in the lower hall their cries were now quite audible.

"—damn Socialists!"

"We'll go get those Bolsheviks!"

"Pacifists!—Aah—h-h!"

"Pro-Germans! Boche-lovers!"

The next five minutes passed in a dream.

Edith was conscious that the clamour burst suddenly upon the three of them like a cloud of rain, that there was a thunder of many feet on the stairs, that Henry had seized her arm and drawn her back toward the rear of the desk.

Then the door opened and an overflow of men were forced into the room—not the leaders, but simply those who happened to be in front.

"Hello Bo!"

"Hello you yellow Bolshevik!"

"Up late, ain't you?"

"You an' your girl. Damn *you!*"

She noticed that there were two very drunken soldiers in front—one of them short and dark, the other tall and weak-chinned.

Henry stepped forward and raised his hand.

"Friends!" he said.

The clamour faded into a momentary stillness, punctuated with mutterings.

"Friends!" he repeated, his far-away eyes fixed over the heads of the crowd, "you're injuring no one but yourselves by breaking in here to-night. Do we look like rich men? Do we look like Germans? I ask you in all fairness—"

"Pipe down!"

"I'll say you do!"

"Say, who's your lady friend, buddy?"

A man in civilian clothes who had been pawing over a table suddenly held up a newspaper.

"Here it is!" he shouted. "Here's the greasy sheet!"

A new overflow from the stairs was shouldered in and of a sudden the room was full of men all closing in around the little pale group at the back. Edith saw that the tall man with the weak chin was still in front. The little dark man had disappeared.

She edged slightly backward, stood close to the open window through which came a clear breath of cool night air.

Then the room was in riot. She realized that the soldiers were surging forward, glimpsed the fat man swinging a chair over his head—instantly the lights went out, and she felt the push of warm bodies under rough cloth and her ears were full of shouting and trampling and hard breathing.

A figure flashed by her out of nowhere, tottered, was edged sideways and of a sudden disappeared helplessly out through the open window a frightened, fragmentary cry that died staccato on the bosom of the clamour. By the faint light streaming from the building backing on the area Edith had a quick impression that it had been the tall soldier with the weak chin.

Anger rose astonishingly in her. She swung her arms wildly, edged blindly toward the thickest of the scuffling. She heard grunts, curses, the muffled impact of fists.

"Henry!" she called frantically, "Henry!"

Then, it seemed minutes later, she felt suddenly that there were other figures in the room. She heard a voice, deep, bullying, authoritative; she saw yellow rays of light sweeping here and there in the fracas. The cries became more scattered. The scuffling increased and then stopped.

Suddenly the lights were on and the room was full of policemen, clubbing left and right. The deep voice boomed out:

"Here now! Here now! Here now!"

And then:

"Quiet down and get out! Here now!"

The room seemed to empty like a wash bowl. A policeman fast-grappled in the corner released his hold on his soldier antagonist and started him with a shove toward the door. The deep voice continued—Edith perceived now that it came from a bull-necked police captain standing near the door.

"Here now! This is no way! One of your own sojers got shoved out of the back window an' killed hisself!"

"Henry!" called Edith, "Henry!"

She beat wildly with her fists on the back of the man in front of her; she brushed between two others; fought, shrieked and beat her way to a very pale figure sitting on the floor close to a desk.

"Henry," she cried passionately, "what's the matter!" What's the matter! What's the matter! Did they hurt you?"

His eyes were shut. He groaned and then looking up complained dismally—

"They broke my leg, hell take their stupid souls!"

"Here now!" called the police Captain. "Here now! Here now!"

CHAPTER VIII

"CHILDS', Fifty-ninth Street," at eight o'clock of any morning differs from its sisters by less than the width of a marble table or the degree of polish on a frying pan. You will see there a crowd of poor people with sleep in the corners of their eyes, trying to look straight before them at their food so as not to see the other poor people. But Childs', Fifty-ninth, four hours earlier is quite unlike any Childs' restaurant from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine. Within its pale but sanitary walls one finds a noisy medley of chorus girls, college boys, débutantes, rakes, *filles de joie*—a not unrepresentative mixture of the gayest of Broadway's evening population.

In the early morning of May the second it was unusually full. Over the marble-topped tables were bent the excited faces of flappers whose fathers owned individual villages. They were eating buckwheat cakes and scrambled eggs with relish and gusto, an accomplishment that it would have been utterly impossible for them to repeat in the same place four hours later.

Almost the entire crowd were from the Gamma Psi dance at Delmonico's except for several chorus girls from a midnight revue who sat at a side table and wished they'd taken off a little more make-up after the show. Here and there a drab mouse-like figure, quite out of place, watched the butterflies with a weary, puzzled curiosity. But the drab figure was the exception. This was the morning after May Day and celebration was still in the air.

Gus Rose, sober but a little dazed, must be classed as one of the drab figures. How he had got from Forty-fourth Street to Fifty-ninth Street after the riot was only a hazy half-memory. He had seen the body of Carrol Key put in an ambulance and driven off, and then he had started up town with two or three soldiers. Somewhere between Forty-fourth Street and Fifty-ninth Street the other soldiers had met some women and disappeared. Rose had wandered to Columbus Circle and chosen the gleaming lights of Childs' to minister to his craving for coffee and doughnuts.

So he walked in and sat down. All around him floated airy, inconsequential chatter and high-pitched laughter.

At first he failed to understand, but after a puzzled five minutes he realized that this was the aftermath of some gay party. Here and there a restless, hilarious young man wandered fraternally and familiarly between the tables, shaking hands indiscriminately and pausing here and there for a facetious chat. Excited waiters bearing cakes and eggs aloft swore at them silently as they bumped them out of the way on their imperious course. To Rose, seated at the most inconspicuous and least crowded table, the whole scene was a colourful circus of young beauty and riotous pleasure.

He became gradually aware, after a few moments, that the couple seated diagonally across from him with their backs to the crowd were not the least interesting pair in the room. The man was drunk. He wore a dinner coat with a dishevelled tie and shirt swollen by spillings of water and wine. His eyes, dim and bloodshot, roved unnaturally from side to side. His breath came short between his lips.

"I'll say he's been on some spree!" thought Rose.

The woman was almost if not quite sober. She was pretty, with dark eyes and feverish high colour, and she kept her active eyes fixed on her companion with the alertness of a hawk. From time to time she would lean and whisper intently to him and he would answer by inclining his head heavily or by a particularly ghoulish and repellent wink.

Rose scrutinized them carefully for some minutes, until the woman gave him a quick, resentful look; then he

shifted his gaze to the most conspicuously hilarious of the promenaders who were on a protracted circuit of the tables. To his surprise he recognized in one of them the young man by whom he had been so ludicrously entertained at Delmonico's. This started him thinking of Key with a vague sentimentality, not unmixed with awe. Key was dead. He had fallen thirty-five feet and split his skull like a cracked cocoanut.

"He was a darn good guy," thought Rose mournfully. "He was a darn good guy, o'right. That was awful hard luck about him."

The two promenaders approached and started down between Rose's table and the next, addressing friends and strangers alike with jovial familiarity. Suddenly Rose saw the fair-haired one with the prominent teeth stop, look unsteadily at the man and girl opposite and then begin to move his head disapprovingly from side to side.

The man with the bloodshot eyes looked up.

"Gordy," said the promenaders, "Gordy."

"Hello," he said thickly.

The man shook his finger pessimistically at the pair, giving the woman a glance of aloof condemnation.

"What'd I tell you, Gordy?"

Gordon stirred in his seat.

"Go to hell!" he said.

Cory continued to stand there shaking his finger. The woman began to get angry.

"You go 'way!" she cried fiercely; "you're drunk, that's what you are!"

"So's he," suggested Cory, staying the motion of his finger and pointing it at Gordon.

Peter Barton ambled up, very owlish now and oratorically inclined.

"Here now," he began as if called upon to deal with some petty dispute between children. "Wha's all trouble?"

"You take your friend away," said Gloria tartly. "He's bothering us."

"Wha's 'at?"

"You heard me!" she said shrilly. "I said to take your drunken friend away."

Her rising voice rang out above the clatter of the restaurant and a waiter came hurrying up.

"You gotta be more quiet!"

"That fella's drunk," she cried. "He's insulting us."

"Ah—ha, Gordy," persisted the accused, "wha'd I tell you." He turned to the waiter. "Gordy an' I friends. Been tryin' help him, haven't I, Gordy?"

Gordy looked up.

"Help me? Hell no!"

Gloria rose suddenly and seizing Gordon's arm assisted him to his feet.

"Come on, Gordy!" she said, leaning toward him and speaking in a half whisper, "Let's get out of here. This fella's got a mean drunk on."

Gordon allowed himself to be urged to his feet and started toward the door. Gloria turned for a second and addressed the provoker of their flight.

"I know all about you!" she said fiercely. "You're Mr. Phillip Cory, that's who! Nice friend, you are, I'll say. He told me about you."

Then she seized Gordon's arm and together they made their way through the curious crowd, paid their check and went out.

"You'll have to sit down," said the waiter to Peter after they had gone.

"Wha's 'at? Sit down?"

"Yes—or get out."

Peter turned to Cory.

"Come on," he suggested. "Le's beat up the waiter."

"All right."

They advanced toward him, their faces grown very stern. The waiter retreated.

Peter suddenly reached over to a plate on the table beside him and picking up a handful of hash tossed it into the air. It descended as a languid parabola in snowflake effect on the heads of those near by.

"Hey! Ease up!"

"Put him out!"

"Sit down, Peter!"

"Cut out that stuff!"

Peter laughed and bowed.

"Thank you for your kind applause, ladies and gents. If some one will lend me some more hash and a tall hat we will go on with the act."

The bouncer bustled up.

"You've gotta get out!" he said.

"Hell, no!"

"He's my friend!" put in Cory indignantly.

A crowd of waiters were gathering. "Put him out!"

"Better go, Peter."

There was an instant struggle and the two were edged and pushed toward the door.

"I got a hat and a coat here!" cried Peter.

"Well, go get 'em and be spry about it!"

The bouncer released his hold on Peter, who, adopting a ludicrous air of extreme cunning, rushed immediately around to the other table, where he burst into derisive laughter and thumbed his nose at the exasperated waiters.

"Think I just better wait a l'il longer," he announced.

The chase began. Four waiters were sent around one way and four another. Cory caught hold of two of them by the coat and another struggle took place before the pursuit of Peter could be resumed, when he was finally pinioned after overturning a sugar bowl and several cups of coffee. A fresh argument ensued at the cashier's desk, where Peter attempted to buy another dish of hash to take with him and throw at policemen.

But the commotion upon his exit proper was dwarfed by another phenomenon which drew admiring glances and a prolonged involuntary "Oh-h-h!" from every person in the restaurant.

The great plate glass front had turned to a deep creamy blue, the colour of a Maxfield Parrish moonlight—a blue that seemed to press close upon the pane as if to crowd its way into the restaurant. Dawn had come up in Columbus Circle, magical, breathless dawn, silhouetting the great statue of the immortal Christopher and mingling in a curious and uncanny manner with the fading yellow electric light inside.

CHAPTER IX

Mr. In and Mr. Out are not listed by the census taker. You will search for them in vain through the social register or the births, marriages, and deaths, or the greengrocer's credit list. Oblivion has swallowed them a long year since and the testimony that they ever existed at all is very vague and shadowy and inadmissible on a court of law. Yet I have it upon the best authority that for a brief space Mr. In and Mr. Out lived, breathed, answered to their names and radiated vivid personalities of their own.

During the brief span of their lives they walked in their native garments down the great highway of a great nation; were laughed at, sworn at, chased and fled from. Then they passed and were heard of no more.

They were already taking form dimly when a taxicab with the top open breezed down Broadway in the faintest glimmer of May dawn. In this car sat the souls of Mr. In and Mr. Out discussing with amazement the blue light that had so precipitately coloured the sky behind the statue of Christopher Columbus, discussing with bewilderment the old grey faces of the early risers who skimmed palely along the street like blown bits of paper on a grey lake. They were agreed on all things, from the absurdity of the bouncer in Childs' to the absurdity of the business of life. They were dizzy with the extreme maudlin happiness that the blue dawn had awoken in their glowing souls. Indeed, so fresh and strong was their pleasure in living that they felt it should be expressed by loud cries.

"Ye-ow-ow!" hooted Peter, making a megaphone with his hands—and Cory joined in with a call that, though equally significant and symbolic, derived its resonance from its very inarticulateness.

"Yo-ho! Yea! Yoho! Yo-buba!"

Fifty-third street was a bus with a dark, bobbed-hair beauty atop; Fifty-second was a street cleaner who dodged, escaped and sent up a yell of, "Look where you're aimin' at!" in a pained and grieved voice. At Fiftieth street a group of men on a very white sidewalk in front of a very white building turned to stare after them and shouted:

"Some party, boys!"

At Forty-ninth street Peter turned jubilantly to Cory. "Beautiful morning," he said gravely, squinting up his owlish eyes.

"Probably is."

"Go get some breakfast, hey?"

Cory agreed—with additions.

"Breakfast and liquor."

"Breakfast and liquor," repeated Peter, and they looked at each other, nodding. "Tha's logical."

Then they both burst into loud laughter.

"Breakfast and liquor! Oh Gosh!"

"No such thing," announced Peter.

"Don't serve it? Ne'min. We force 'em serve it. Bring pressure bear."

"Bring logic bear. I drink—therefore I am."

The taxi cut suddenly off Broadway, sailed along a cross street and stopped in front of a heavy tomb-like building in Fifth avenue.

"Wha's idea?"

The taxi-driver informed them that this was Delmonico's.

This was somewhat puzzling. They were forced to devote several minutes to intense concentration; if such an order had been given there must have been a reason for it.

"Somep'm 'bouta coat," suggested the taxi-man.

That was it. Peter's coat and hat. He had forgotten them at Delmonico's when he left there about three-thirty. Having decided this, they disembarked from the taxi and strolled toward the entrance arm in arm.

"Hey!" said the taxi-driver.

"Huh?"

"You better pay me."

They shook their heads in shocked negation.

"Later, not now—we give orders, you wait."

The taxi-driver objected; he wanted his money now. With the scornful condescension of men exercising tremendous self-control they paid him.

Inside, Peter groped in vain through a dim, deserted check-room in search of his coat and derby.

"Gone, I guess. Somebody stole it."

"Some Sheff student."

"All probability."

"Never mind," said Cory nobly, "I'll leave mine here too—then we'll both be dressed same."

He removed his coat and hat and was about to hang them up when his roving glance was caught and held magnetically by two large squares of cardboard tacked to the two coat-room doors. The one on the left hand door bore the word "In" in big black letters, and the one on the right hand door flaunted the equally emphatic word "Out."

"Look!" he exclaimed happily—

Peter's eyes followed his pointing finger.

"What?"

"Look at the signs. Let's take 'em."

"Good idea."

"Probably pair very rare an' valuable signs. Probably come in handy."

Peter removed the left hand sign from the door and endeavoured to conceal it about his person. The sign being of considerable proportions, this was a matter of some difficulty. An idea flung itself at him and with an air of dignified mystery he turned his back. After an instant he wheeled dramatically around and stretching out his arms displayed himself to the admiring Cory. He had inserted the sign in his vest, completely covering his shirt front. The effect given was that the word "In" had been painted upon his shirt in large black letters.

"Yoho!" cheered Cory. "Mister In."

He inserted his own sign in like manner.

"Mister Out!" he announced triumphantly. "Mr. In meet Mr. Out."

They advanced and shook hands. Again laughter overcame them and

they rocked in a shaken spasm of mirth.

"Yoho!"

"We probably got a flock of breakfast."

"We'll go—go to the Commodore."

Arm in arm they sallied out the door and turning east in Forty-fourth street set out for the Commodore.

As they came out, a short dark soldier, very pale and tired, who had been wandering listlessly along the sidewalk, turned to look at them.

He started over as though to address them, but as they immediately bent on him glances of withering unrecognition, he waited until they had started unsteadily down the street, and then followed at about forty paces, chuckling to himself and saying "Oh boy!" over and over under his breatn, in delighted, anticipatory tones.

Mr. In and Mr. Out were meanwhile exchanging pleasantries concerning their future plans.

"We want liquor; we want breakfast. Neither without th' other. One an' indivisible."

"We want both 'em!"

"Both 'em!"

"Both 'em!"

It was quite light now, and passers-by began to bend curious glances at the pair. Obviously they were engaged in a discussion, which afforded each of them intense amusement, for occasionally a fit of laughter would seize upon them so violently that, still with their arms interlocked, they would bend nearly double.

Reaching the Commodore, they exchanged a few spicy epigrams with the sleepy-eyed doorman, navigated the revolving door with some difficulty and then made their way through a thinly populated but quite startled lobby to the dining-room, where a puzzled waiter showed them to an obscure table in a corner. They studied the bill of fare helplessly, telling over the items to each other in puzzled mumbles.

"Don't see any liquor here," said Peter reproachfully.

The waiter became audible but unintelligible.

"I repeat," continued Peter, with a sort of forced tolerance, "that there seems to be unexplained and quite distasteful lack of liquor upon this bill of fare."

"Here!" said Cory confidently. "Lem-me handle him." He turned to the waiter—"Bring us—bring us—" he scanned the bill of fare anxiously. "Bring us a quart of champagne and a—a—probably ham sandwich."

The waiter looked doubtful.

"Bring it!" roared Mr. In and Mr. Out in chorus.

The waiter coughed and disappeared. There was a short wait during which they were subjected without their knowledge to a careful scrutiny by the head-water. Then the champagne arrived, and at the sight of it Mr. In and Mr. Out became jubilant.

"Imagine their objecting to us having champagne for breakfast—jus' imagine."

They both concentrated upon the vision of such an awesome possibility, but the feat was too much for them. It was impossible for their joint imaginations to conjure up a world where anyone might object to anyone else having champagne for breakfast. The waiter drew the cork with an enormous *pop*—and their glasses immediately foamed with pale yellow froth.

"Here's health, Mr. In."

"Here's same to you, Mr. Out."

The waiter withdrew; the minutes passed; the champagne became low in the bottle.

"It's—it's mortifying," said Cory suddenly.

"Wha's mortifying?"

"The idea their objecting us having champagne breakfast."

"Mortifying?" Peter considered. "Yes, tha's word—mortifying."

Again they collapsed into laughter, howled, swayed, rocked back and forth in their chairs, repeating the word "mortifying" over and over to each other—each repetition seeming to make it only more brilliantly ironic.

After a few more gorgeous minutes they decided on another quart. Their anxious waiter consulted his immediate superior, and this discreet person gave implicit instructions that no more champagne should be served. Their check was brought.

Five minutes later, arm in arm, they left the Commodore and made their way through a curious, staring crowd along Forty-second street, and up Vanderbilt avenue to the Biltmore. There, with sudden cunning, they rose to the occasion and traversed the lobby, walking very fast and standing very erect.

Once in the dining-room they repeated their performance. They were torn between intermittent convulsive laughter and sudden spasmodic discussions of politics, college and the sunny state of their dispositions. Their watches told them that it was now nine o'clock and a dim idea was born in them that they were on a memorable party, something that they would remember always. They lingered over the second bottle. Either of them had only to mention the word "mortifying" to send them both into riotous gasps. The dining-room was whirring and shifting now; a curious lightness permeated and rarified the heavy air.

They paid their check and walked out into the lobby.

It was at this moment that the exterior doors revolved for the thousandth time that morning, and admitted into the lobby a very pale young beauty with dark circles under her eyes, attired in a much rumpled evening dress. She was accompanied by a plain stout man, obviously not an appropriate escort.

At the top of the stairs this couple encountered Mr. In and Mr. Out.

"Edith," began Mr. In, stepping toward her hilariously and making a sweeping bow, "Darling, good morning."

The stout man glanced questioningly at Edith, as if merely asking her permission to throw this man summarily out of the way.

"'Scuse familiarity," added Peter, as an afterthought, "Edith, good morning."

He seized Cory's elbow and impelled him into the foreground.

"Meet Mr. In, Edith, my bes' frien'. Inseparable. Mr. In and Mr. Out."

Mr. Out advanced and bowed, in fact he advanced so far and bowed so low that he tipped slightly forward and only kept his balance by placing a hand lightly on Edith's shoulder.

"I' Mr. Out," he mumbled pleasantly, "S'misterin Misterout."

"'Smisterinanout," rejoiced Peter proudly.

But Edith stared straight by them, her eyes fixed on some infinite speck in the gallery above her. She nodded slightly to the stout man, who advanced bull-like and with a sturdy brisk gesture pushed Mr. In and Mr. Out to either side. Through this alley he and Edith walked.

But ten paces further on Edith stopped again—stopped and pointed to a short dark soldier who was eyeing the crowd in general and the tableau of Mr. In and Mr. Out in particular with a sort of puzzled, spell-bound awe.

"There," cried Edith, "see there!"

Her voice rose, became somewhat shrill. Her pointing finger shook slightly.

"There's the soldier who broke my brother's leg."

There were a dozen exclamations; a man in a cutaway coat left his place near the desk and advanced alertly; the stout person made a sort of lightning-like spring and then the lobby closed around the little group and blotted them from the sight of Mr. In and Mr. Out.

But to Mr. In and Mr. Out this event was merely a parti-coloured iridescent segment of a whirring, spinning world.

They heard loud voices; they saw the stout man spring; the picture suddenly blurred.

Then they were in an elevator bound skyward.

"What floor, please?" said the elevator man.

"Any floor," said Mr. In.

"Top floor," said Mr. Out.

"This is the top floor," said the elevator man.

"Have another floor put on," said Mr. Out.

"Higher," said Mr. In.

"Heaven," said Mr. Out.

CHAPTER XI

In a bedroom of a small hotel just off Sixth avenue Gordon Sterrett awoke with a pain in the back of his head and a sick throbbing in all his veins. He saw the dusky gray shadows in the corners of the room, a raw place on a large leather chair in the corner where it had long been in use. He saw clothes, dishevelled, rumpled clothes on all the chairs and he smelt cigarette smoke and stale liquor. The windows were tight shut—outside a bright sunlight had thrown a dust-filled beam across the sill—a beam broken by the head of the wide wooden bed in which he had slept. He lay very quiet—comatose, drugged, his eyes wide, his mind clicking wildly like an unoiled machine.

It must have been thirty seconds after he perceived the sunbeam with the dust on it and the rip on the large leather chair that he had the sense of life close beside him, and it was another thirty seconds after that before he realized that he was irrevocably married to Gloria Hudson.

* * * * *

The clerk in charge of the fishing tackle trade at "J. C. Fowler's, Sporting Goods and Accessories," entered the little back room where they count the money, and going up to J. C. Fowler himself, addressed him in a low tone.

"There's a fella out here just bought a automatic—an' he wants some forty-four ammunition."

J. C. Fowler was busy.

"Well, what about it?" he said. "Sell it to him. Business is bad enough, God knows!"

THERE are two sorts of women—those who drive a man to work in the morning, and those who make him sneak away in the middle of the afternoon.

POPULARITY is the art of keeping awake when one wants to sleep, of talking when one wants to eat, and of listening politely when one longs to yell.

A WOMAN'S chief interest in her daughters is to see that they marry better men than their father.

PEACE ON EARTH . . .

By Van Vechten Hostetter

PERSON IN THE PLAY: *Judson Grant, president of the Two Hundred and Fortieth National Bank of Chicago.*

SCENE: *A second-floor bedroom in an ultra-modern New York City hotel, which assures you it provides greater comfort than home and anticipates your every want. The mahogany furniture is upholstered in dark green to match the carpet. On the writing-desk, in the middle of the left wall, are a dictionary, a ruler, a micrometer, an acetimeter, a treatise on psychology, a book of familiar quotations, freshly filled wells of red and black ink, eight kinds of pens, four or five dollars' worth of stationery of various shapes and sizes, etc. A rack nearby holds a thirty-volume encyclopædia. Set in the wall over the desk is a clock, electrically regulated, on the dial of which are smaller ones with hands showing what time it is in London, Paris, Shanghai and Three Oaks, Mich. The door into the corridor, in the middle of the back wall, is closed. On the chiffonier, to the left of this door, are innumerable articles of occasional utility, surrounding a cushion in which are needles of various sizes, threaded with black and white thread, big and little pins, safety pins, buttons, etc. In the left wall, toward the front, is a closed door, through which is heard a monotonous hissing-humming sound. No one who has ever been in a hotel room needs to be told that this is the bathroom door. Opposite, in the right wall is a window with drawn shade. In the right and left walls, toward the back, are doors into other rooms, closed now, but used when the rooms serve as a suite. The head of the massive mahogany bed is against the right wall.*

As the curtain rises GRANT *lies prone on the bed, where he has thrown himself exhausted. On the floor beside the bed is a travelling bag.* GRANT *wears a brown cheviot suit. His black hair is streaked with gray. His head is half pillowed on his left arm and his right arm is drawn down so the audience sees just enough of his face to know he is sixty and tired. He is virtually motionless. His eyes are open, but see only the bedspread. The lines of care in his face are governed by the action of the play.*

With a sound like the song of a locust the clock is advanced from 11.59.50 *to* 12. *Outside two powerful clocks boom twelve with alternating and discordant strokes, as if they were quarrelling, and several noon whistles sound. Throughout the action motor-car horns and bells and street-car bells and air-brakes are heard, and at regular intervals elevated trains are heard roaring and rattling by.*

A VOICE IN THE CORRIDOR (*heavy and confident*): Is this Room 207?

ANOTHER VOICE (*high-pitched and irritable*): Yes. What do you want?

FIRST VOICE: I'm Mr. Crawford of the *World.* I want to see Mr. Grant for an interview.

SECOND VOICE (*positively*): I'm sorry, you can't see him. Mr. Grant is resting and cannot be disturbed. I'm his secretary.

CRAWFORD: I only want a minute.

SECRETARY (*louder and more irritably*): I told you Mr. Grant was resting and couldn't be disturbed.

CRAWFORD (*resentfully*): Well, now, don't get excited.

SECRETARY (*angrily*): Don't *you* get excited. Go on and mind your business. Mr. Grant has had many important matters to dispose of. He's here for a purely private conference at 2 o'clock and he's got to have rest.

CRAWFORD (*seeing a possible advantage*): Oh, so he's ill, is he?

A HARSH VOICE IN THE ROOM ON THE LEFT (*impatiently*): Operator, give me the manager.

SECRETARY (*more angrily*): No, he isn't ill.

VOICE IN THE ROOM ON THE LEFT: Manager? This is Mr. Adams—206. I ordered breakfast two hours ago and I've repeated the order three times and I haven't got it yet. What kind of service is this?

CRAWFORD: It sounds like it to me—if he can't talk for a minute to a newspaper-man. I suppose that's what I'll have to say.

ADAMS: I don't want apologies or explanations. I want service. I'm paying for it.

SECRETARY (*still more loudly and angrily*): You do and you'll be looking for a job. You'll say nothing if you're wise.

ADAMS (*shouting*): I haven't got anything to do with your help. I said I didn't want apologies. I want service! *service! service!*

CRAWFORD (*threateningly*): You'll see what I say. You'll hear from me later.

(*Elevator door is heard banging and clanking open and shut. Immediately thereafter several distant room doors are heard slamming and several pairs of feet running in the carpeted corridor.*)

VOICES OF SEVERAL MEN AND WOMEN IN THE CORRIDOR (*shouting and crying*): Confound it! Just when we're in a hurry! Oh, shoot! Why couldn't he wait! Fine rotten service! These hotel servants are so smart!

A WOMAN'S VOICE IN THE ROOM ON THE RIGHT (*indignantly*): Operator, give me the office at once.

VOICES OF MEN AND WOMEN IN THE CORRIDOR: Oh, here comes one! This isn't so bad! Yes, we're in luck! That is, if he condescends to stop. (*Elevator door is heard opening and closing.*)

WOMAN IN THE ROOM ON THE RIGHT (*with great indignation*): Office? This is Miss Warren in Room 208. There's not a speck of heat in this room! It's an outrage. Yes, the radiator *is turned on!* (*A pause.*) Then see that it is! (*Rattling of telephone receiver is heard in the room on the right.*) Operator, I am now going to make one more effort to get Mr. Adams in Room 206 before I complain to the manager. I know he's there.

(*Telephone rings long and shrilly in the room on the left.*)

ADAMS (*impatiently*): Well—hello!

THE WOMAN'S VOICE: Hello—Good morning.

ADAMS (*with boisterous enthusiasm*): Oh, hello, Hazel. This is a surprise. I didn't expect to hear from you so early.

HAZEL: George, I can't hear a word you say. Talk into the 'phone.

ADAMS: I said it was a nice surprise to have you call so early.

HAZEL: I can barely hear you. This connection is awful.

ADAMS (*shouting*): I can hardly hear you, either. How's this?

HAZEL (*shouting*): A little better. Can you hear me now?

ADAMS: I can just hear you. What'll we do this afternoon?

HAZEL: Oh, I don't know. You can take me to a show, I guess.

ADAMS: All right—Say, what about getting Fred and Nell to go along?

HAZEL: That would be dandy. Shall I call Nell?

ADAMS: Yes, you go ahead. Tell her to meet us here at 1.30. I'll get Fred.

HAZEL: All right. I'll see you later.

(*A minute's silence—except for the horns and bells of the street—, in which the lines of torture begin to vanish from Grant's face. Then they grow deeper again.*)

(*Simultaneously*)

ADAMS (*shouting*): Murray Hill 2436—Hello—Fred Hamilton there? Hello, Fred. This is Joe Adams—Yes—Say, Fred, we're getting up a party for this afternoon—Hazel and I—and we want you and Nell—

Hazel (*shouting*): Bryant 2732—Hello—Nell?—who do you suppose this is?—Guess—No, Hazel Warren—No—Listen, Nell, Fred and I are going to—well, some show—and we want you and—

(*As* ADAMS *and* HAZEL *continue to shout, a terrific hammering on the radiator pipes is set up, an elevator door bangs and clanks open and shut and heavy feet moving rapidly are heard. Then there is a crash and a tremendous thud, as if a portly waiter falling down with a tray full of dishes.*)

ADAMS: To go along. Where? Oh, we hadn't thought of that. What?—Sure, any place will suit me—Yes—Well, meet us at—

HAZEL:—Fred to go with us. —Oh, why not?—What do you want to spoil a nice party for?—You can make some excuse—You always do to me.—All right—

(*During these last words* GRANT *with a painful effort drags himself to the edge of the bed, reaches down and opens the handbag, his lips curling in a grim smile. He is feeling in the bag,* ADAMS *and* HAZEL *are shouting, the radiator is clamouring, an elevator door is banging and clanking and an elevated train is roaring and rattling past as rapidly.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

(*The next instant, while everyone is wondering what the point was, if he missed it, or whether there was a point, there is heard, like a benediction, a pistol shot.*)

YELLOW JONQUILS

By Edna Chalmers

SPRINGTIME on the Boul'—and Fleurette selling yellow jonquils! Little couples sipping synthetic *vin ordinaire* under striped awnings; tiny, swaggering midinettes, audacious eyes glancing, dancing; art students in a row, singing; freshly shaven poodles. . . .

"*Nom de Dieu!*" I exult. "*C'est la vie!*"

A hurdy-gurdy carols "Ciri Biri Bin," and through the sunlight flits Fleurette with her tray of yellow jonquils.

My heart beats quickly. I adore Fleurette, the little flirting one. She adjusts my boutonnière, standing on tip-toe, and her tantalizing curls almost brush my lips. She smiles at me slantingly, and I compare her to a butterfly, a flash of sunlight—to the yellow jonquils she carries. Lightly she laughs and tosses a handful of withered blooms into a nearby ash-can.

A sardonic thought strikes me. I, too, belong amongst the discards. I also am yellowed—as jonquils. I shall be seventy-nine to-morrow!

MIST

By Gamaliel Bradford

YESTERDAY and to-day! Remembrance knits
Their consequence like some disordered dream;
And sad dejection at the rudder sits,
Steering my boat forever down the stream:
Past the green fields where boyhood loves to stray,
In self-forgetting wonder at the world;
Past the deep wood where youth is hid away,
Like some half-conscious flower, not yet unfurled;
Past the green slopes, which vigour yet untried,
Unbaffled, in mere wantonness, essays;
Past the steep mountain of desire, whose side
Is dotted with so many devious ways;
And now past love, past those pale lips I kissed,
Into a dreary void of shoreless mist.

THE HATER OF MEDIOCRITY

By Agnes Boulton

I

THE streaks left by rain on the dingy windows were like tear streaks, she thought — endless dreary tears shed by the sad city. The sunlight, thin and cold, lay in two wan patches on the faded carpet.

She shivered, and looked again at the streaked windows, and the image came up in her mind of cheeks furrowed by tears. Slightly wrinkled, worn cheeks. . . But how could tears furrow? Her mouth twisted sardonically. Life hadn't done that to her. Instead . . . and she remembered her face as she had scrutinized it that morning in the hand-glass; the flat deadness of it; the skin shrinking up into little bitter lines. Deadness. Nothing to go on for. Why did anybody want to go on living, anyhow? She couldn't imagine such people . . except the very stupid ones, who got satisfaction out of eating and sleeping and going to the movies.

"No enthusiasm . . . about anything!" she said aloud.

She was drearily aware of the room, where she spent most of her time, where he and she existed together. It showed her life. No fine disorderliness. Nothing was ever accomplished in this room, nothing was ever felt here. But no orderliness that meant really caring. The sofa cushions dull, lumpy. The centre table uninteresting. A common old scrap-basket. No flowers.

This impression of the room seemed to widen out to mean to her the whole of the Bronx; long similar streets of high apartments, dull, commonplace and terrible. Such colourlessness! Who could care, living in the Bronx? But this old argument had become nothing but mere empty words going through her mind. She didn't really hate the Bronx. She didn't care one way or the other any more. It wasn't the Bronx. No; she and her husband reflected in their stupid, monotonous apartment, their own stupid, monotonous lives. She saw that. He didn't. She could get outside of their life, look in at it and see the pitiful futility. He—!

Her face tightened to a sneer. At breakfast that morning: "Where's the *Book News?*" Something peevish in his voice because the *Book News* wasn't handy. Her own ire rising as she gave it to him. She knew so well what was coming now. Why did he read the *Book News* if it irritated him so?

She watched him adjust his horn-rimmed glasses. Now he was going to be superior, large, malicious. Disdain already showed faintly in his gloomy face. No attention to her, not a look at her.

She had never been able to get out of the habit of keeping her eyes on his face. He, not seeing that she sat there in ugly deadness, drank his first cup of coffee in the silence that made her hate him. Then:—"Listen to this!" And he read aloud, with scorn, some review of a mediocre book. A supercilious smile on his pale lips. "That's the sort of stuff they want. Oh, my God, this country!" A nervous sipping of his coffee, then a gloomy abstraction of expression. At last he looked at her. "No wonder the real stuff has no chance. But I'll show them!"

Why, at that point, could she never manage to show her scorn for his pretensions? But he wanted to see in her

face wifely praise; she never failed him, when thus, directly, he appealed to her. That was it!—when he appealed to her, looked at her, and asked for something from her, that was when it was impossible for her to fail him!

But this never occurred save when he spoke of the value of his own work. Never, never! She felt her anger against him rising, like a bitter flood. He never wanted to know her thoughts. He never looked at her to see her feelings. Only that glance at her for praise of himself. If he knew how she saw through him.

He never noticed the malicious smile with which she gave him questions that were leading strings to his egotism. He never saw the smile—the questions leaped so skilfully to his consciousness of himself that they eliminated any sense of her. But perhaps—she thought now with a little softness—perhaps she didn't show her malice so very obviously. After all, she had cared so much. And certainly he never seemed to feel that she no longer believed in him.

II

How tremendously she had once believed in him!

When she first knew him, six years ago, she had reached that desolate point in her life where it was no longer possible for her to have faith in her own ability. Her dreams had gradually thinned out to nothingness. She couldn't write—she was only one of the poor souls who wanted to and who mistook that for ability! For over a year, she had lived with her own barrenness. It had been a miserable existence. She had tried to pick up an interest in various things—useless. The social problem, which absorbed some of the people she knew, took her attention mildly for a time. But she could acquire no passion for it. She was really more interested in the dreamy rhythm of her own soul than in the sufferings of humanity.

Her first feeling toward Will had been one of motherliness. He was a new reporter on the *Telegram* and she pitied his obvious loneliness. He, new from a small town sheet, found it hard to make friends. His anæmic appearance and the way he peered at things through his thick glasses gave her a certain assurance in dealing with him. She was a drab little person herself, and this slight sense of superiority eliminated the self-consciousness that she felt with most other men.

He had asked her to dinner, and it was that evening, away from the rattling prosaicism of the City Room, over a table d'hôte dinner, that she had first discovered his surprising egotism. He wanted to write. But *he* knew he could write! He talked about himself with burning eyes and a nervous trembling of the lips.

She watched him, thinking how strange it was that he did not bore her, and finally aware of a sense of excitement and adventure. He . . . perhaps *he*—!

She went to bed that night wondering if he could have a touch of genius about him. He was so sure of it that he had almost convinced her. His work—something magnificent, new, strange! The idea flamed in her. She met him the next day with a shining face and told him how much she believed in him. That was one thing on which he had been most eloquent—how hard it was to find appreciation in this world.

He showed her his work. It seemed fine to her. Much that she would not have seen in it he carefully pointed out. And he talked scornfully of other writers, of the men on the newspaper, of stupid editors. He detested all the magazines. Silly, stupid . . . commonplace.

Life changed for her. The interest and passion she had once given to her own work she now gave to his. She believed that it was her duty to help him. They were always together.

A year went by. They both wanted to get married, but it seemed impossible, as he had only kept his position on the newspaper for a short while. Suddenly, through a lucky chance, he was offered

a position on a magazine, at a good salary, as reader. They were married. They took a small apartment.

He talked now of being able to lead a quiet, regular life, and accomplishing much. He spoke of the magazine for which he worked as the only one in America with any reality and vision. This surprised her, for previously he had condemned it with the others.

III

THE quality of her happiness in those days made her present emptiness seem intolerable. She lived in him completely, in his hopes and his desires. He must have his chance. She arranged life to suit him. In the morning before he went to his office, and at night, she listened to his talk of himself and his work.

At times, in spite of herself, she would become tired, and she would have little nervous impulses to interrupt him. There were other things that she would rather talk about. He did bore her now. But she gave him her silent and undivided attention.

And at first she was hurt by his indifference towards her. Was it indifference? She was puzzled. He needed her . . . and yet he was interested only in himself. Not a bit in her.

After they had been married a while she wanted to tell him that if only he would talk less and work more— But she could not bring herself to the words. He would misunderstand.

He gave one or two of his things to the magazine for which he worked. They were not used. Soon afterwards he began talking against that magazine. She thought it naïve of him. From that time on he began to despise his job, and it became one of the many reasons for his not succeeding.

Three years of marriage, and she had begun, with an ironical mental gesture, to anticipate these various prolific excuses of his. They would remain at home, night after night, and he would do nothing; but let them go one night to the theatre, and all pleasure was spoiled by his grumbling about his evening being wasted. Or sometimes the evenings were too long and hot; again, when winter had come, the flat was not warm enough, or the noise of the steam in the radiators upset him.

In her bitter moods she sometimes wondered that he did not declare inanimate things leagued against him, as he felt the world to be; for upon chairs, tables, desks and typewriters was he able to lay the blame for his laziness.

But his failure to accomplish anything had no effect upon his opinion of himself. He talked, instead, all the more persistently of his own superiority. His egotism became unbearable. His disdain of the world increased.

IV

SHE got up stiffly from the chair where she had been sitting. The room had become dim in the chilly twilight.

She stood looking down into the street below, the long gray flatness of pavement broken by patches of light from the shops, through which the dark figures of pedestrians passed up and down.

She couldn't stand it any longer! Her whole body grew tense with the strength of that bitter denial of him. Nothing existed for him but himself—the self he had created. The silly lie he had created! Like an enormous bag of wind. And that was their life—that lie!

She knew that he was mediocre. Commonplace. She didn't mind that. So was she. They both were. Couldn't they . . . shouldn't they . . . find some consolation for this in one another? But no. . . . They lived for his vanity. And now she had grown to hate him. Such a bag of wind! He really believed that he was great . . . a genius. And he had no use for her—not a bit. He was like a swollen toad, blinded by its own puffiness. This last image pained her, and she turned on the electric light abruptly.

But when she was preparing their bit of dinner over the gas range, the

thought of him was again dominating her, a monotonous remembering that wore out her strength. Never did he think of her, not once, not *once*. She might as well not live with him—better, perhaps. Instead she was spending her life listening to him, keeping up this pretence of admiration, even encouraging him. Why did she do it? Why didn't she break through all his imperturbable self-conceit and let him know, once for all, what she thought of him? Bag of wind! *Bag of wind!* In a few moments he'd be coming in, tired, moody, complaining. And she'd listen. And if he came in and sat down and said nothing, she'd begin. She'd get him started. It was almost as if it were something she thought he expected of her—a service. And she'd listen to him—yes, letting him think that she believed in all he said. A hopelessness settled over her. Why was life like that? Why did she act as she did? And he? What was the meaning of it all.

He appeared in the door silently, after she had heard him hanging up his coat in the entry.

"Hello!"

His complexion had a heavy pallor; his tortoise-rimmed glasses reflected the light. He kissed her. His eyes moved vaguely about the kitchenette, resting for a moment on the dish of cold lamb.

"It's getting colder out."

"Is it?" she said softly, and a moment later he went into the sitting room.

She heard him pull up a chair to the table. He'd probably brought home a bundle of manuscripts to read. He looked tired. Poor Will. . . .

He was opening a package of cigarettes. She went up to him and ran her fingers through his hair.

"How are you feeling?"

"Oh, pretty good!" he said.

He leaned over to light his cigarette.

"Dinner ready soon?"

"Yes, pretty soon. You ought to have an appetite this weather."

She sat down across from him. How tired she herself was—worn out.

"I'm absolutely dead tired to-night—for no reason at all that I can think of," she said.

He looked at her, and then vaguely among the books and magazines on the table.

"Where's the paper, Elizabeth?"

Then, "Never mind, here it is."

He drew it from the shelf under the table and spread it open. He settled back.

She watched him with eyes suddenly hard. Her resentment came back to her. Out in the kitchenette she could hear the potatoes boiling noisily. Soon they would eat another of those dreary meals. She felt that she must say something. About *him* of course!

"Will, you look all in, do you know it? Why do you give so much of yourself to that stupid magazine? And you've brought home work. You ought to be saving of yourself, Will."

He put the paper down in his lap. "Saving of myself? I'd like to know what's the use! I have no chance here—in this country. There's not a publisher with courage enough to publish—"

"But you haven't anything *to* publish—have you?"

She saw that his thoughts continued silently, oblivious of her remark.

An angry excitement tightened her whole body, but she remained looking at him with a placid expression.

"Do you know what has happened now down at the office? Thurber has been advanced to assistant editor. I've been there two years longer. But they knew—ah!" He made a sharp sound of disdain.

"But you wouldn't care for that anyhow, Will."

"Care? I should say not! I don't even despise them. They're not worth it. I'm simply indifferent to their whole cheap little game."

"Well—most people worth anything have had to suffer just this."

"All of them. The mediocrity in the world hates—" He touched the edges of his lips with his finger—an unconscious trick of his that had become con-

nected in her mind with his platitudes about himself. He always did that when he was going to say something particularly egotistical. She interrupted him with a sharp, sudden laugh.

"Yes. True. Hates that which it knows is superior! How many times have I heard you say it, Will?"

He was looking at her, and she saw that he was going to become bewildered. It had not quite come to him yet, the meaning of the new, strange harshness in her voice.

She felt herself begin to tremble. He would turn on her now? He would let his scorn and disdain crush *her*. She would become one of the masses who could never understand him. And a traitor. Then, perhaps, he would leave the house.

"But have you ever thought, Will, it is *you* whom *they* consider mediocre?"

She forced herself on, to get it over with. Suddenly all the passion that she had felt against him that afternoon flared up in her again. "All these years when you've been talking, talking, bragging, bragging, don't you suppose they've *smiled?*"

Maliciously she put into the last word all that she had wanted to say to him for years. And she herself smiled, mockingly.

He still regarded her without a word. Why did he look at her like that? He was surprised . . . of course. But she felt that something was happening inside him. No doubt in a moment his eyes would harden. . . . How poor and small and puny he looked. She felt herself suddenly strong. And she wanted to banish from her face that expression of contemptuous amusement, but she dared not; he would immediately have her at his mercy.

She said to herself that he would hurt her so terribly once he began speaking that she must keep, at all odds, that mask of disdain which was her self-protection. It was slipping, slipping. . . .

They regarded one another without a movement; she hard and tight, waiting; he in that silence that amazed her. She'd say no more! Let him begin. Let him begin now his contempt of her and she'd be able to go on with her stripping of him. She had such a richness of incident . . . such absurd, pitiful things that he had said and done! She felt a creeping faintness.

"Why . . . I never talked to them," he said at last.

His hand made a fluttering movement towards his lips, then failed of its old gesture. She had a curious shock at this. His hand was trembling.

"They . . . don't know, Elizabeth. I never talked to them."

He was staring at her anxiously. *Anxiously!* She touched the dry roof of her mouth with her tongue.

"They wouldn't understand me, Elizabeth," he said painfully. Then he added, "Are you angry about anything?"

"Why wouldn't they?" She must say something to bring into definite meaning the jumbled impressions she was getting from him. What *was* happening to him? "You don't find it hard to tell *me* that you are a . . . a genius."

A thick slow colour muddied his face. "You? That is different. You understand." He seemed confused. He was not looking at her now. She sat outside the circle of light from the lamp; and she had the sensation of being a detached silent spectator of a soul in tragic agitation.

"Why? You don't mind my talking about things to you, do you?" he finished.

She got immediately that he wasn't just asking her that simple question; he was trying to find out from her something he wouldn't ask. He looked so . . . almost frightened. What was it he wanted? Suddenly, looking at him, she knew. He was trying to convince himself that she still believed in him. He was afraid that she knew the truth. . . .

"Why no . . . certainly not!" she stammered. If he was so afraid of her not believing, then it meant that he didn't really believe. Or couldn't, if

she didn't. He wanted to fool her . . . so he could go on fooling himself.

Now she knew what had happened to him. He had been beaten, because for a moment he had realized the contempt in her voice. The whole enormous self that he had created was crushed, like an empty shell, at the thought that she knew him for what he was. He was pitiful and confused. He was hers!

A positive, shimmering happiness beat through her body. "Will!" she said. Then it came to her that she must be careful. She must destroy, somehow, the impression she had given him. . . .

She assumed a thoughtful tone. "As if I didn't love to have you talk to me! I was only thinking . . . well, that if people feel you know your own worth, they are apt to resent it, and make things harder for you."

How easily she had said it! A feeling of exultation caught her. "Old bragger! Brag to me, but not to them!" . . .

She rose and caught his head between her hands, bending over to kiss it. "I say brag, but you know what I mean, Will."

He rested his head against her.

"Only I don't like that word, Beth."

She hardly heard him. She was feeling that life would no longer be something without warmth and meaning. She was no longer unnecessary. Or alone. *She was the mirror in which his reflected dreams seemed true.* She was life to him—or death. Without her . . . and she felt again the horrible vague emptiness of him that moment ago when he thought he had lost her. Far in the back of his own mind he had long known the bitterness of failure, and in that moment it had come out of its lair and claimed him. Poor boy! Poor baby. . . .

"It isn't fair to use that word about *me*—brag." She listened to him now tenderly, holding his head against her bosom "After all, I—" His hand went upward; with an unconscious gesture his thin fingers smoothed his upper lip.

LAST DAWN

By Jeannette Marks

WHEN that last dawn comes, what will it be?—
A plume of fire on a cloud of gray;
A shrouded ship in a cocoon sea;
A mountain peak with its one gold star;
A bird's nest swung by a silver wind;
Or the curve of an arm with its cradled child?
What will that last dawn be?

And God, what will God be?
The plume of fire or the mist spun ship,
The mountain peak with its signal star,
The nest blown wide for the coming day,
Or the child in the human, passionate arms?
I wonder what God will be
And who shall see!

THE DAUGHTER OF THE BERNSTEINS

By Richmond Brooks Barrett

I

JESSICA BERNSTEIN, on her way into the drawing-room, paused at the dining-room door. The butler hurried to her side and waited for her judgment on the scene. Jessica ignored him, while she examined the long table shrewdly.

Erect and haughty, she appeared not at all moved by the extravagant display. As a matter of fact, the splendour of her father's house never failed to stir her to the point of intoxication; but now she betrayed no more than an objective interest in it. An exquisite tonal harmony the great room possessed; nothing obtruded or hurt the composition. The effect was one of ripe perfection. The polished background of the walls reflected with delicate modulations the thin fire imprisoned in the chandeliers and the subdued glow of the rosier lights; even the plate seemed to have a glint of strange depth. The profusion of flowers added a faint blur of bloom that had the quality of evanescence, of warm, unsubstantial cloud. Jessica nodded reflectively.

"I think everything is all right," she commented without enthusiasm.

Her eyes rested on the footmen, whose activities her entrance had interrupted.

"Watch Parker," she told the butler. "He must learn to wait more quietly—"

She loved to exercise the autocratic authority the big establishment required.

"Yes, everything is all right," she repeated, and turned away.

In the hall she met her father. His greeting had in it a note of gentle resignation.

"I wish *my* friends might see you to-night, Jessica. It would make me dreadfully proud."

She smiled. "I thought we'd had that out."

"I stick to my guns, my dear," he returned. "Your place is here, you know. I don't ask a great deal of you; it seems to me you might at least stay at home when my friends dine with me."

She shook her head slowly. "It's really for your sake I refuse. They don't interest me; they make me irritable. And when I *feel* cross I say mean, horrid things. I can't help it, father. I don't know where my nasty disposition came from—certainly not from you. I'm afraid I'd insult your guests—so I run away from them."

"You are unkind, Jessica." The old man was firm. "They are your own people. You're ashamed to admit it, that's the point. It's *that* annoys you."

"Well, perhaps that *is* the trouble with me; but it's a thing I can't cure myself of," she told him. "I've tried—and I've failed."

He shrugged. "My friends understand, naturally. They feel the slight. They're a clever lot; it's not easy to deceive them. Indeed, they're a great deal cleverer than the people you're taking up with, Jessica. Jews of the better sort are conservative, reactionary to a fault. They disapprove of your wandering about unchaperoned—"

"Let them!" Jessica was unperturbed. "As long as *you* aren't so silly, why should I bother about other people's gossip?" She smiled up at him affec-

tionately. "If I hurt you, if I'm cruel to you, I am sorry. I can't look on things as you do; but I don't love you the less for that, remember. I've inherited some good traits from you; it's because of those traits that I can get no comfort from your people. If you'd only been typical—hard and stern like the rest of them—*I* should have been different."

She kissed him.

"Good-night—forgive me," she murmured, and left him.

A good-looking blond chap was waiting for her in the drawing-room. As she held out her hand to him, all her aloofness and hauteur dropped from her. Her smile was gracious, almost shy.

"Dear Geoffrey!" she said. "You're the only person I can stand when I'm tired. Take me, please, to some quiet place for dinner. A little tea-room would be nice." Jessica's knowledge of her swain's finances was thorough; her tact was exquisite. "We can go on to the Opera afterwards. Monday is my night, you know. I have the tickets with me—"

II

THE Bernsteins had been eminent for generations in the financial world; moreover, they had been respected. Morton Bernstein, Jessica's father, was the last of the great line of bankers and the finest of the lot. He had kept himself aloof from the beginning; social functions had never figured prominently in his life. At stated intervals he entertained the Jews of his own type; in return he was entertained by them at dinners as estimably correct as his own. That was all.

His connection in business with all the celebrated potentates of a more favoured creed had not the effect of stinging him to ambitious activity. He was not a climber. The fact that he was a distinguished philanthropist struck no one as an ironic comment on his methods; if Morton Bernstein allowed his name to be added to the list of directors of a hospital, he did so from a purely altruistic motive, not with an eye to currying favour. He did not blush for shame every time he subscribed to a Hebrew charity. Morton Bernstein, like his aristocratic forebears, was a loyal, orthodox Jew.

Jessica it was who blushed to see his name on the lists of Jewish charities. Her abhorrence of her father's race and creed was an inexplicable, an instinctive reaction.

Jessica's attitude was by no means peculiar. Revolt seethed in the blood of the new generation. Many of the sons and daughters of Morton Bernstein's friends felt the injustice and ignominy of their lot; they therefore avoided one another pretty consistently, with a resultant shattering of the ties formed by the old-time inter-marriages of the few established Jewish families. It was the desperate endeavour of the young band to force a way by dogged persistence into the alien ranks. In their way they were much akin to martyrs; they suffered, they were humiliated, but they followed the gleam, whatever it was.

Jessica's engagement to Geoffrey Wilton was for her a triumphant break with the past. It seemed to her almost in the nature of a baptism, a purification. Wilton appeared in the rôle of a modern Perseus, striking off her fetters, snatching her from the fiery jaws of the Monster. Not that Jessica welcomed the change with any religious fervour; it was entirely in the light of a social exaltation that she viewed it. The thing had been rather difficult of arrangement. Wilton had loved her deeply from the first, of course; her stately beauty, with its quality of Oriental languor, had overwhelmed him. He had, however, surrendered only after a struggle. Sensitive pride of race, all the violent antipathy of his traditions to a Jewess, had forced his love to the utmost exercise of its strength.

But so long as the thing had come out all right in the end, Jessica had few compunctions as to her methods of attack. She had, after a fashion, bought him; she had done it so sweetly, though,

so subtly that her upright swain hadn't a suspicion. She had showered him with expensive presents; her motor was at his disposal constantly; one of her seats at the Opera came to be *his*. Still, since he loved her, wouldn't it have been the charitable thing even to *force* a proposal if necessary? Well, it hadn't been necessary to go so far. His adoration for her would have set him grovelling finally at her feet, anyhow. She had merely hastened the declaration—that was all.

It never occurred to Jessica to examine with thorough intent her feeling for young Wilton. He was a dear boy—she was extremely fond of him. She went no further in her self-communion.

The understanding between Jessica and Wilton was a secret one. A knowledge of the situation would have caused Morton Bernstein pain. The old man had of a sudden come to the end of his physical resources. Without warning—indeed, in the space of a single week—the change from the man of keen nervous energy to the stricken derelict had been wrought. His collapse had been appallingly swift. Both he and his daughter soon understood that he was beyond recovery.

Confined often to his bed now, Bernstein dismissed everything from his mind but his concern for Jessica. He perceived with incisive clarity the girl's problematical future, the discontent and actual unhappiness that would be increasingly hers in the persistent chase after recognition in an unattainable sphere. He talked with her by the hour, reasoning, arguing, pleading; Jessica submitted sweetly to his lectures. All the while a sense of disloyalty oppressed her; agonizing as her feeling of guilt was, however, it was powerless to move her.

"Take Philip Meyer, for an example," Bernstein would announce again and again. He's going to marry a Miss Lothrop. It won't last; it *can't* last. As things go in New York, they can no more be happy together than a Turk and an Armenian. A hundred years from now, perhaps, there will be more tolerance; undoubtedly there will be more—tolerance. But to-day! We're still under the cloud, Jessica; we must learn to submit, to marry our own kind. Don't take what I say as mere doddering; remember, I speak from an experience of over fifty years—"

Jessica, fagged by her constant attendance on her father, tormented, too, by worries and self-accusation, became a prey at this time to a desperate discouragement.

As she would sit beside the old man her thoughts would fix on Wilton. More and more she grew to dread the uncertainty of their relation; chance words of his came back to her, hints that the whole affair irked him, that he was still straining to be free. What Bernstein said but added to her terror. After all, wouldn't Wilton be justified in veering off gracefully? If only she had let things take their course! If only she had betrayed less patently her anxiety for a definite settlement! So little had been gained; indeed, she had never felt before an uncertainty equal to this.

When the physicians ordered a pilgrimage to the South, Jessica sank into a mood of utter despair. What possible good could the frenzied trip do? Her father was too near death to be affected by a mere change of climate. Besides, the grim pomp of the expedition, the turmoil and notoriety would annoy him and make the whole thing immensely perilous.

The project was rash, drastic, cruel. The sick man craved rest. His death would be hastened by this headlong race; moreover, his last hours would be filled with anxieties, noise and confusion. Jessica, therefore, voiced an inflexible disapproval. Bernstein, crushed to a strange timidity by illness, took his stand with his daughter against the medical men. The pilgrimage was perforce abandoned.

Jessica's fears in regard to Wilton had not been without some foundation. He *was* vacillating; a revulsion of feeling had followed the definite declaration. Had she left New York at

this critical juncture she would have lost him.

As it was, the task before her had conspicuous difficulties. Wilton did his best to get away from her; only by an absence of some duration from her glowing presence could he have achieved sufficient courage to withstand her. It was Jessica's part to give him a moment's respite. Desperately conscience-stricken, she crept with increasing frequency from her father's bedside. She loathed herself for this defection, bitterly rebuked herself. But what could she do? Could she sacrifice the man she loved, the prospect of her own eternal advancement? She was too confused and overwrought to attempt an answer to her tragic question. Instead, she let her instincts guide her.

Early in February, a spell of nasty, malignant weather fastened on New York. Bernstein caught a racking cold; the persistent coughing weakened him miserably. As she watched him, more than one anguished stab of conscience smote Jessica. Why, after all, had she set herself with such relentless stubbornness against the southern journey? *Why?*

Then, one afternoon when she had snatched an hour for tea with Wilton, her maid rushed in with the news of Morton Bernstein's death. A stroke of apoplexy had finished him off with one sledge-hammer blow.

"*I* killed him." The silent accusation filled Jessica's ears as Wilton helped her on with her wraps. Very pale, but perfectly calm, she let him guide her to the motor. She did not once look at him and made no attempt to answer when he spoke to her. At that moment, she felt that she hated him.

Jessica's hushed nobility in suffering had affected Wilton strangely. As he went back to his rooms, the conviction dawned on him that for the first time this girl had exerted a power over him that nothing would ever shake off. She had made him hers in that moment of anguish and grief.

III

Morton Bernstein's will proved to be an amazing document. It had the strange effect of binding Jessica and Wilton in honour to each other. It hastened the marriage.

The old man's entire fortune was left to Jessica; but, should she marry anybody but an orthodox Jew, the girl sacrificed everything but an annuity of decidedly modest proportions.

The tyranny of that restriction at first merely pained and wounded Jessica in her grief; soon, however, it aroused in her a bitter hostility that in the end became actual anger. It was the one act of Bernstein's life that showed him fundamentally the despot, the Jewish patriarch; by it, he had taken a firm stand against the struggle for freedom of the new, the enlightened generation.

Jessica had always gloried in the gentle tolerance of her father and had seen in his generous attributes the fountainhead of her own revolt. And now suddenly she found herself forced to admit that this man was at bottom hard and stern—like the rest. Well—it simply meant that she must pay for her enfranchisement with several million dollars; viewed in that light, the sacrifice appeared an act of perfect nobility. She had not a moment's hesitation; her wealth would be for her now nothing more nor less than a halter around her proud neck—so she reflected dramatically. Wilton raised no difficulties at present; he was but too obviously her willing slave. Just a month after Morton Bernstein's death, Jessica and Geoffrey Wilton were married quietly.

Their apartment, fitted up with Jessica's unerring taste, was perfectly beautiful. There were many good things in it; in the past, how a merely "good" thing would have got on Jessica's nerves! In the Bernstein house, every tiny article had been priceless; the mansion had been a vast treasure-chest. Of course, the dainty water-colours and Japanese prints on the walls of the apartment didn't make one forget the rich, autumnal tints of the Simone

Martini Prophets that hung in Morton Bernstein's library. Jessica sighed often as the vision of a gay, sparkling Gentile da Fabriano Madonna or of a delicious Sassetta danced before her eyes. She liked the few porcelains in her new drawing-room; but ah! for *one* of the Bernstein pieces of Sang de Bœuf— It was absurd, though, to feel discontented; this place was dainty and pleasant and charming.

There were few difficulties, few baffling problems in connection with it. A man and two maids comprised the whole force of servants; they did what was required of them deftly, dexterously. The management of the new establishment caused Jessica not a single worry; it was, indeed, like running a doll's-house after long years spent at the helm of a Doge's golden palace. Still, bitter-sweet memories of her former hordes of servants persisted; it *had* been inspiring in the mornings to give audience to the head-housekeeper and the chef and all the other chief officials. Again and again, Jessica felt the immortal longings of a dethroned and exiled Empress as she sat in her pretty drawing-room—without problems, without piles of mail, without subjects!

It took Jessica but a few weeks to complete an exhaustive and unblinking survey of her husband.

"A dear boy—and I'm fond of him."

That had been as far as she could bring herself to go, before the marriage. Since that day, she had left not one nook or cranny unexplored. First of all, Wilton was a gentleman, a very fair subject for examination if one wished to understand the make-up of the typical American of good family and impeccable breeding. Not only a dear boy, then, but a gentleman into the bargain.

Jessica saw all this—and proceeded to dub her husband middle-class and maddeningly prosy. With decided soundness of judgment, she analysed her own superiority to this man. She was brilliant, forceful, a true lover of beauty, whether of sound, scent or line; intolerant, perhaps, possibly arrogant and rude on occasion, with little patience, and no feeling for the sensitiveness of others. Coming, as she did, from a down-trodden race, she had the ability to cringe; and yet nobody possessed a more consistently insolent hauteur. Well—whatever her faults, she was vivid, arresting, clever, beautiful, a devotee of the colourful and the sumptuous, with something in her of the artist's genius and the artist's transports.

And Wilton, her typical American? He had honesty, an inflexible determination to pay all bills on the first of the month, a conscience that guided him in a straight path along which he plodded. He heard good music, he read good books—all with a view to improving his poor dear mind! As for authentic appreciation of anything fine—it just wasn't in him. That hideous phrase "improving his mind" summed up all Wilton's clumsy activities. Integrity and duty, duty, *duty!*

Jessica soon got to the point where an hour spent with him upset her so dreadfully that she longed to scream out her hysterical, savage exasperation. She was like an untamed panther or tiger forced to share a hearth with a domestic pet; if she'd had the physical power, there were moments when she would have torn him to pieces and devoured him without regret. She wanted to commit crimes before his eyes, to show him how uncivilized and splendid she was. Instead, she must needs content herself with insulting him cruelly; she would refuse to answer civil questions; she delighted in making spiteful personal remarks at his expense; she was alternately sullen and bitterly vindictive.

The worst of it was, her brutal unkindness had the effect of cowing her victim, of reducing him to the position of abject slave. She hadn't meant to break his spirit; she'd wished to goad him to madness. A good thrashing might have brought her to a show of reason; this miserable submission simply added to her feverish impatience.

The constantly recurring thought that she had lowered herself—bargained and bartered with this mediocrity, sacrificed all sense of shame, all loyalty to her distinguished father for the sake of bringing the precious nonentity to her feet—*that* thought inspired in her a positive loathing for herself and the man she'd captured. She must have been both blind and mad!

It was at this juncture that Jessica fell in love.

She had gone to Cartier's determined to buy something outrageously extravagant—more with a view to bothering Wilton than in the hope of satisfying her own craving for jewels. She was spending money right and left at this period; she'd raced through her annuity and had forged the resolution to beggar her poor husband besides. She had hardly got inside the shop to-day when she wished she hadn't been fool enough to come. A magnificent sapphire-and-diamond bracelet had arrested her attention at once; she fingered it gingerly, with no betrayal in her face of the turbulent longing she felt for it. It cost a staggering amount—much more than she could have afforded in her mood of bitterest rancour against her husband. So she handed the thing back with perfect indifference and turned away. The next moment she found herself face to face with young Philip Meyer.

Her glance at him, as they shook hands, was swiftly appraising. She had never realized before how handsome he was, with his brilliant eyes, his lean swarthy face and dapper, blue-black moustache. He was but too obviously a dangerous chap—wise, unscrupulous, polished and débonair. More an Arab than a Jew—at any rate an undiluted Oriental, for all the generations of New York bankers back of him!

"You're planning to buy out the place for your Miss Lothrop?" she ventured.

"Good Lord, no! That's all off—broken by mutual consent, as the papers say. Which is really synonymous with *unholy row*, you know."

"Ah—you fortunate man!" Jessica put into her tone just the proper dash of self-revelation. Somehow—she couldn't divine why—she was glad Miss Lothrop had lost her charming suitor.

"But I'm not a *bit* fortunate," he corrected her. "You're a high and haughty matron; I'm simply in the position of the poor ass who *might* have had a chance once."

She shrugged.

"I'm by no means high and haughty," she dropped casually. "I'm penniless, doing my best to keep up appearances, as a matter of fact. My poor husband's a struggling lawyer, tied down to a sordid office—"

"To look at you, one would never guess the struggle, Jessica," he commented.

"Thank you—you're sweet and kind," she returned. "I'm not the least bit discontented, you know. I'm quite happy."

Her voice had not the joyful lilt the words required to give them weight. "You've probably got an immense, splashy motor waiting for you outside," she pursued. "I remember your taste in automobiles, you see. Drive me home in it, Philip; I *loathe* the taxicab that's waiting for me. Perhaps you might even stay to luncheon—" She gave him her most cordial smile. "Do let's get out of this place; Cartier's depresses me in my present financial state."

Of course young Meyer stayed for luncheon and for a good bit of the afternoon. They got on famously, too. Jessica hated to let the gay and vivid reprobate go.

When, early the next morning, her extravagant diamond-and-sapphire bracelet arrived from Cartier's Jessica laughed aloud from sheer joy. It was indiscreet, it was more than a little vulgar of Philip, in fact; but the blaze of the jewels soon made her forget the donor's breach of good taste. All that day her spirits soared; it was almost as if she had the first intoxicating whiff of freedom in her nostrils.

IV

"For Heaven's sake, Geoffrey, don't be a *fool;* the mischief's done!"

It was Wilton's unforeseen, incredible stubbornness that forced Jessica to the brutal lie.

For three months, her intimacy with Meyer had grown. With deliberate intent, Jessica had been shamelessly indiscreet. She and the young Jew were always together; they dined at conspicuous restaurants, rode in the Park (Jessica proudly mounted on one of the famous Meyer horses), streaked through the streets at odd hours in Philip's brilliant limousines and racing-motors and in every possible way flaunted their questionable relation.

Jessica had soon perceived how desperately the man loved her. Clever and far-sighted as she was, she let the world draw its very definite conclusions and, by appearing constantly with Meyer, gave him just the proper thrill of possession; when they were alone together, however, she kept him at arm's length. The idea of unfaithfulness to her husband never once entered her calculations; she *knew* her attendant swain—even a hint of weakness on her part would have been simply suicidal.

She counted, in perfect security, on the millions that would one day be hers by right. A single year of forced economy and petty extravagance had pointed the utter absurdity, in her case, of limited funds. She had blundered; her marriage had shown her how impossible it was to attempt a break with the past. She was a Jewess; happiness could consist only in wealth and exotic luxury and the companionship of a kindred spirit.

Meyer resembled her in many ways; he was racially at one with her—arrogant, brilliant, swayed in his emotions by everything beautiful, unscrupulous and without a trace of the sensitiveness induced by moral refinement. It was the Oriental strain in both of them that predominated; it might be they were a depraved, decadent pair, but they were at least far removed from mediocrity.

Jessica loved her clever Jew, was determined to get him and therefore flaunted him before Wilton's eyes. The divorce would be a much simpler proceeding, once she aroused her husband's moral antipathy.

Her indiscretions pained Wilton from the first; but he kept his peace so long that Jessica came to believe nothing could goad him to action. The trouble was, he loved her and, by a natural result with a man of his sort, believed in her.

For weeks, a dumb resentment grew in him; he remained, however, silent and courteous, knowing remonstrances would do no good. He couldn't hope to understand her—but of her integrity he hadn't a doubt.

Then in a flash, suspicion had leaped up within him. Jessica was drifting—his condemnation of *her* action went no further than this; on the young Jew's intent his wrath concentrated. He acted at once.

He had heard her come in late one night; he waited until the subdued footsteps of the maid died out in the corridor. At Jessica's bedroom door he knocked; she paid no attention to the signal.

Wilton deliberately opened the door and switched on the lights.

Jessica frowned impatiently and put a hand to her eyes.

"I'm tired, Geoffrey," she protested. "If you want to scold me, wait till tomorrow."

"Look here, Jessica!" Wilton walked over to the bed and contemplated her sternly. "You've never treated me with very marked decency. I don't complain of that; I accept it. At present, you're acting publicly in an unbecoming way—and it's my *right* now to object. Nothing wrong in it—I know, of course! I suspect Meyer's views, however. You've got to stop seeing him; the sensible thing's to go abroad with me now and stay till the affair's blown over."

Jessica's heavy eyes dilated with amazement.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "The Continent's abominable

unless one has all the money in the world. Thank you, Geoffrey—I don't want to be dumped from one dirty hotel to the next. Go to bed now, like a dear boy; it's quite out of the question."

Wilton did not move.

"We shall manage," he told her in all calmness. "I have dozens of relatives living in France; we can make a round of visits."

Jessica smiled, but in her face there was a smouldering anger.

"No, Geoffrey; I shouldn't like your relatives. I'm sure we'd quarrel. Besides, your practice would suffer; and my annuity wouldn't be enough to do both of us."

It was searchingly cruel of her.

Wilton winced, but remained firm. "It's the first time I've asserted myself—I don't intend to give in. We are going to Paris, Jessica, whether you like it or not."

She sighed out her weary impatience.

"And what, pray, is to prevent Philip Meyer from following us?" she asked.

Wilton's blue eyes snapped.

"If he took a step as rash as that, I should be forced to interfere definitely," he said.

Jessica was silent for a moment.

A blind fury had stirred in her; the consciousness of being trapped, thwarted without warning in her shrewd plans, caused her an uncontrollable shiver of mingled rage and apprehension. She examined Wilton with keenness, her anger showing in her narrowed eyes; and she knew, as she looked at him, that for the first time she would be forced to struggle with all her might. On her husband's face she caught the inflexibility, the hardness and the indomitable resolution of the man battling for his principles, for the integrity and honour that were his religion. Jessica's mind blurred. Wilton terrified her; she felt, with an onrush of fury and resentment, that he was subduing her, breaking down her defences. She mustn't give way; it would mean the complete collapse of her prospects, of her happiness.

The inspiration to lie came swiftly at her need.

She half-raised herself in the bed and remarked, with cold disdain:

"For Heaven's sake, Geoffrey, don't be a *fool;* the mischief's done!"

After she had said it, a weakness swept over her, an intense physical fear of him. For an instant he was on the verge of brutal violence; she saw it and cowered in a shaking dread.

Wilton's reason awoke in time. He turned his back on her and strode out of the room, slamming the door after him. Jessica's wave of faintness subsided and the blood raced back tingling. Well—she'd gained her point; the divorce was inevitable now. The thought brought her no satisfaction; she felt that she hated herself as something unclean, polluted If what she had said had been true, her self-loathing would have been less intense.

All night long, she lay in the bed and stared hard at the lights; she hadn't the physical strength to switch them off.

V

A YEAR and a half later, Jessica and Philip Meyer were married. It was a day of triumph for Jessica. A magnificent town house, a perfect palace on the North Shore, jewels in profusion were hers. Henceforth she would move again in her proper setting of sumptuous beauty. Besides, she loved her husband.

Jessica was happy. As Philip Meyer's wife, she could no longer boast the unquestioned supremacy that had in the past been hers. Long ago, she had realized that the Oriental strain in them both predominated. His wife now, she must perforce submit to his mastery; haughty and intolerant as ever on the surface, she must yet confess to her husband her eternal subservience.

The thought brought her no regrets, no sense of belittlement; she could never have achieved contentment with a man who bowed before her. A Jewess, an Oriental herself, she exulted in her new humility. In private life, hers

was to be the hand-maiden's lot. Whatever her sophistication, whatever her intelligence, she was a true daughter of her people.

For all that, however, Jessica and Meyer had the qualities of the rebellious younger generation. In their relations to each other, theirs would be the ancient Hebrew code; but the world should know nothing of that. Their wealth should be spent, the Meyer prestige in financial centres should be drawn on to the utmost, in the struggle for social recognition. They were quite prepared to suffer, to submit to downright ignominy while they stormed the citadel.

Their aggressions began on their wedding-day: a Presbyterian clergyman performed the ceremony and the newspapers were instructed to head-line the fact. The list of guests at the housewarming boasted no very distinguished names, but neither did it suffer from a preponderance of Hebrew terminations. So it went. The future was desperately problematical; but, fortified as Jessica and her husband were by wealth, sympathy for each other's ambitions and by the patriarchal discipline of their private life, success of a sort and happiness, too, were reasonably certain of achievement.

"Our hides are thick!" Thus Meyer summed it up. "We're tough and insensitive. They can't wound us with their arrows. They'll tire—and end by accepting us. We mustn't expect more; we mustn't look for an actual welcome. By the time our children grow up, we'll see about marrying them off to some of these silly, smug aristocrats. The time will be ripe then—perhaps—"

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

MY heart is weary of the olden barter,
My eyes are heavy with the loads they see—
Oh, I would go along the meadow grasses
And watch the wind that wooes a willow tree,
And dream by brooks that make a careless music
Or watch the world from slopes whose brows are cool—
Only a moment free—then olden hunger
Would hurt my heart with wanting. Ah, young fool!

My heart is weary of the olden barter . . .
I touch the dross of wares grown very old—
Ever before me drifts a fairy laughter,
Ever before me glimmer feet of gold,
Ever before me weaves a dance of virgins,
Fragrance of wild bloom blown from sunny hair—
My heart is weary of the olden barter—
My dreams are mad to follow things so fair!

MODESTY

By Talbot Timeous

THE wind did a rigadoon on the pavement. We bowed our heads before its pelting. A little look of dismay came over Lola's face. She paused, then sidled into the seclusion of a doorway. She put her shoe upon a step and as she leaned over she said to me, "Don't look. . . . Somebody might see you looking."

LYRIC

By Oscar C. Williams

YOUR loose hair, your wild eyes,
Your quick heaving breast,—
And you are like a sunset
Tight against the west.

Your calm breast, your cool eyes,
Your neatly done hair,—
And now you are a rainbow,
Curving, coloured, fair.

Yet you breathe of wildness,—
Love, you are not changed,
A rainbow is a sunset
Orderly arranged!

THE moment a woman knows that a man loves her she begins trying to see how much it will take to scare him away.

THE POOR OLD THING

By Victor Henderson

I

"THE poor old thing!" Dorothy whispered to me, and she clung to my arm as if daunted by this vision of poverty and lonely old age.

It was at dusk on a February afternoon, and we had just come up the stairs from the Marbeuf station of the Métro. A torrent of glistening limousines and wheezy taxis was whirling along the Champs Elysées. Two well-fed gentlemen, carrying brown sticks and gloves that looked as if they had never yet been put on, strolled by on their way to spend an hour over an apéritif before dinner-time. From the doorway of an apartment-house, so ornate with sculptured stone and bronze balcony-railings that in Washington one would have thought it the palace of an Ambassador or a pork-packer dollar-a-yearer, emerged a young woman in a full-length coat of sables. Across the side-walk clicked her tiny, high-heeled shoes. She held an immense muff before her mouth to shield her from one deadly breath of fresh air. A footman opened the door of her automobile. A shower of rain burst upon us. My wife summoned me to the shelter of her umbrella. We paused at the kiosk on the corner to buy a magazine from the aged vendor.

"Please, a *Vie Parisienne*," I asked.

A gust sent the rain spattering over the piles of newspapers. With feeble, ineffectual movements the decrepit woman began to spread old papers to protect her mounds of journals, but the wind whipped the covers off again.

"Pardon! First I must protect my merchandise!" she apologized. "Worldly wealth brings its burdens!"

Then she began to fumble with curtains and bits of oil-cloth, and little by little she barricaded her booth against the rain, but there was a smell of wet ink, and when she finally handed me my magazine, the scarlet peignoir of the half-clad lady on the cover was already bedraggled.

"With which journal will you lead your mind astray to-night?" she inquired.

"My morals with the *Journal Amusant*," I answered; "and as for my politics—which do you advise?"

"*Le Temps*," she answered. "As well dine without wine as go without the *Temps!* But since the *Temps* is conservative as a land-hoarding peasant, buy *Bonsoir* too to-night! There's an antidote against tanning your brain so conservative a brown it hasn't even a speck of red blood left in it."

"But aren't you a conservative yourself?" I hazarded.

"At my age, how could I be anything else?" she replied. "I was born and bred a Royalist—a Royalist I shall be welcomed into Heaven—but one must find out what these mad revolutionists scheme—how else shall one know the proper emetic for the minds they poison?"

Scandalized that she could profess herself a Royalist, I set to work trying to convince her it was plain insanity to want another king. I forgot the rain, I forgot that I was hungry, so fascinated was I by the discovery that I was suddenly corruscating with political and economic scintillations of a brilliance I had never before achieved. She

listened as if fascinated—but she fenced back with diabolical agility.

"You'll wear out the poor old thing, with all your chattering!" Dorothy reproached me. "How frail she looks!"

Indeed she did! She had sunk down in her chair, as limp as a laundry-bag, the instant we had relapsed into English. Now she seemed to have forgotten us, as she mumbled to herself:

"Oh, but I'm so tired!"

"I hope your day's nearly finished!" Dorothy's voice was full of sympathy.

"Finished! No! It's not yet six—until nine must I remain here selling lies!"

She stumbled out into the rain to adjust a bit of oilcloth against a fresh shift of the chill wind, and then, her skirts bedraggled from the wet pavement, she hobbled back to her chair in the kiosk. Almost we could hear the hinges creak in her old joints as she slowly settled down on her worn cushion.

"The poor old thing!" sighed Dorothy again.

We went on to our little apartment on the rue de Ponthieu, but dinner was a melancholy meal, for Dorothy could talk of nothing but the brutality of a state of society which forced a woman as old as that to earn her daily bread vending papers in an open-air kiosk all winter long, from before daybreak until nine o'clock at night, rain or shine, wind or snow. So I had to cheer up my wife by putting her in a taxi and escorting her to a farce in that ancient, dog-eared playhouse, the Palais Royal—the sort of farce to which no young woman should ever take her grandmother, but which Paris compounds to naughtiest perfection.

Next evening Dorothy insisted that I buy her a *Temps* in the avenue Marbeuf and report whether the "poor old thing" had survived the storm. She had—but she was sniffling with a bad cold, and she looked more incredibly old than ever. Next day Dorothy made me go again, and the next day, and it became a daily habit to despatch me for a clinical bulletin on the poor old thing.

Every evening I found her worse. Her cold had effloresced into every possible variety of that noxious ailment. She coughed as if she were tearing her clogged lungs apart. She looked feverish or chilled. She was so weak she could scarcely reach up to pull down my *Canard Enchainé*. Her eyes were so running that she could scarcely see to make change. She kept rubbing those dim old eyes with fingers grimy from the moist ink of fresh newspapers.

"Some morning, Dorothy," I predicted, "we'll find her lying there in her kiosk like a dead bird on the bridlepath in the Bois."

II

Dorothy and I went off to Cannes for a month. We roamed under orange-trees and palms, gathered mountain wild-flowers, and sailed on the blue Mediterranean, skirting rocky shores luxuriant with sub-tropical gardens, esplanades gay with luxurious idlers. It was late in April before we came back to Paris.

Forthwith our thoughts turned to the aged newspaper-vendor. We set out to pay her a visit, apprehensive we would find a successor in her kiosk. But there she sat in her accustomed place, and two old men were chatting eagerly with her, and just then a young dandy came up and handed her a fragrant spray of yellow mimosa.

"Why, Jack!—she looks a hundred and seventeen years younger than last time!" declared Dorothy. "*Bonjour*, Mme. Tourtel!"

"*Bonjour*, Mme. Olivant!" responded the old woman. "So you've come back from making all the other women on the Riviera frantic with jealousy over that American complexion of yours?"

She smiled the first smile I had seen on her face since that March twilight when we first came upon her in the rain.

"How well you are!" I told her. "You looked as if you ought to be in the hospital!"

"I'd never admit I was sick—not if I'd eaten poisoned candy dropped from a Gotha."

"Why do you ever spend another winter in Paris?" protested Dorothy. "Couldn't you sell just as many papers at Nice? There it is always summer."

"Not summer like Paris!" the old woman contended. "I should die—anywhere but Paris!—I'd rather be dead—I've lived a meritorious life and expect Paradise, therefore, once dead, I'll find myself still in Paris!"

"What paper shall I buy to-day?" I sought counsel.

"Two, always," she prescribed. "As a good Royalist, I insist on your buying *l'Action Française*, but to know what the Socialists are raving about you must buy *l'Humanité* too."

Then she plunged into her favourite game—pointing out the violent divergence of statement in the same piece of news as presented by two papers of clashing opinion. Apparently she read every word of every paper on her newsstand, and it was her inexhaustible delight to set two of her customers to arguing by deftly exposing the conflict of data and dogma represented by their favourite organs of opinion.

Dorothy and I listened for a quarter of an hour to the fervent debate on the German indemnity she had set going and kept going between a gray-bearded magistrate and a poilu who talked Orléannais *patois*. Finally we bade her good-bye and strolled on down the Champs Elysées. We emerged into the gardened stretch beyond the Rond Point, where expensively-dressed children were playing in the sand or watching marionettes in a guignol, where lovers were strolling arm in arm, where daintily-clad young women were promenading Pekingese dogs with jewelled collars.

"For these people, Paris *is* heavenly!" commented Dorothy. "But why should *she* feel so—with all this extravagance flaunted before her eyes—millionaire palaces across the street from her kiosk, and she cowering in the rainy wind all winter long! It's abominable she hasn't someone to take care of her. I suppose it's the war. Probably her sons and her grandsons were all killed, and now she has to support herself in her old age. Poor old thing!"

And at a quarter past nine that evening, fifteen minutes after she had closed her kiosk for the night, we discovered her across the Seine at a street-fair, mounted in the rear seat of a flying-boat, and as an automatic organ stammered tremulous waltzes, the flying-boat went round and round, careering giddily up and down. And the poor old thing was not alone—her arms encircled a stalwart man, and both of them were shrieking with joy.

"Come on!" proposed Dorothy. "If she's game for it, so am I!"

When the screw stopped screwing, we climbed in.

The screw began to turn again, the crazy craft hurtled through the air, and Dorothy's shriek of terror and delight rivalled those of the poor old thing.

"It's perfectly lovely!" praised Dorothy.

When we landed we found the poor old thing waiting for us outside the ropes—she wanted to felicitate Dorothy on their mutual courage in daring such adventure.

"What joy!" she cried. "I feel like an omelette soufflée!—Behold, Madame, here is the *édition de luxe* of myself—my son!"

"Your son!" rejoiced Dorothy. "I never knew there was one!"

"You never guessed I was of an age to have a grown son—*hein?*"

"I'm amazed!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Come—I'll confess—some people whisper he's really my grandson!" acknowledged the poor old thing. "He's Henri too—for his grandfather."

"Do you live in Paris?" asked Dorothy.

"No, Madame—in Marseilles." His deferential courtesy somehow had more charm than fifty compliments.

"He began as a dealer in old metals," chronicled Mme. Tourtel. "Poor Henri blew some fingers off his left hand be-

fore the war, so he couldn't bring me a Croix de Guerre and the heads of seventy Boches—only stay at home and make cannon and his fortune. So instead of being demobilized now with a handful of sous, he has automobiles and a house with a garden—but that's not his fault! Besides, poor wretch, he's an exile from Paris!"

"Why don't you make your grandmother come and live with you there in the Midi?" suggested Dorothy. "This cold, rainy Paris is no place for her!"

"If I have tried—!" he defended.

"Quit Paris?" lamented Mme. Tourtel. "I never go beyond the fortifications, for fear they might shut the gates before I get back!"

"Absurd, isn't it?" laughed the grandson.

He fondled his grandmother affectionately. "Every week I write to Grandmère and beg her to come. Every three months I visit Paris, and try to carry her away to the South—but as well try to transplant the dome of the Invalides!"

"Henri, we've not yet grabbed at the stars from that swing!" Mme. Tourtel reminded him.

She hobbled enthusiastically away, and the last we saw of them, she was careering madly in a giant swing, one arm around her grandson's neck, shrieking with affrighted rapture.

III

NEXT morning I went forth to buy a *Figaro* and see how the poor old thing had survived last night's orgy. She was sitting in her kiosk, knitting industriously.

"*Bonjour*, Mme. Tourtel!" I greeted her.

"Is it really good day?—or bad day?" she sighed. "I wonder! I've decided to retire from business. When the news leaks out, there'll be a panic on the Bourse. This is my last day in my kiosk, where for twenty-seven years I've dispensed my own wisdom and the follies of the journalists."

"Freedom! How glorious!" I congratulated her. "You're going to Marseilles, to live with your grandson?"

"Quit Paris?" she reproached me. "Never! Here I am, here I stay!"

"Then what—?"

"Yes—then what—?" Her voice was full of anxiety. "My rents have begun to come in again, now that peace conditions are restored. Even with the atrocious prices the rogues in the Finance Ministry permit, nowadays, I shall have enough income to exist in modest decency. But after my long career of public activity, now how shall I content myself within the four walls of a home?"

"You'll soon like it!" I predicted. "Think of liberty to go and come as you like!"

"There's nowhere I want to go, nowhere to come from."

"You'll have to enter politics," I recommended. "Be the first woman elected to the Chamber of Deputies!"

"But I'm a Royalist—the canaille wouldn't elect me a street-sweeper!"

"Then a patron of the arts!"

"I've been that all my life. Didn't I sell you a pastel of the river-barges? That fed a struggling painter a whole week! Perhaps it might have been a greater contribution to the arts to let him starve—now he's invented a new school!"

"Don't worry—you'll find plenty to keep you busy!"

"But it will be so lonesome! I've had such acquaintance! *Mon dieu*, when I think of the notabilities I've numbered among my friends! I used to sell *Le Rire* to the Prince of Wales when he was the idol of Paris. Lloyd George used to stop and discuss the peace terms with me every afternoon, walking home with his little daughter from the Peace Conference. Many's the time Anatole France has asked me to solve problems in the psychology of his heroines. Then Marshal Foch—!" She shook her head secretively. "To think of retiring, when one has held such a brilliant position!"

"But once he had won the war and

achieved the peace, even the great Clemenceau retired!"

"Do you think I'm *his* age! No—I didn't have the first Bonaparte as godfather! I'm young enough to be the Tiger's daughter, almost! Well, no—but I could be old Clemenceau's niece!"

"I'll tell you a career for you—you ought to revive the salon!"

"But, Monsieur, my kiosk has been a salon for twenty-seven years! Think of the geniuses who have paid me daily attention!—and now I am to surrender all that? What folly!—but I have disposed of my vast affairs and to-day is the end!"

She wiped a furtive tear from her eyes, and I went on my way, after a handclasp of godspeed to the poor old thing.

Next day a brisk middle-aged woman sat in Mme. Tourtel's accustomed place. She made change much more quickly, but the oil and the *fines herbes* had been left out of the salad!—never again would I go a block out of my way and risk my life twice over crossing the Champs Elysées just to buy a paper from that particular kiosk—and just for the chance to rattle away like a phonograph to Mme. Tourtel. Heaven knows why, but somehow I never could lay eyes on her without wanting to talk my head off to the old woman.

"Where does Mme. Tourtel live?" sought Dorothy. "I'd like to go and see her sometime."

"I've no idea, Madame," and the business-like successor turned to another customer.

"She left no address?"

"None."

So the poor old thing had disappeared beneath the surface of the sea that is Paris. Every time Dorothy and I passed by her aforetime kiosk, we rejoiced that she had been freed from bondage, but wondered whether after all she was now as happy as when she reigned there, a queen, receiving compliment, bantering jest with the unending stream of "tout Paris." But she had disappeared—there was no way to find out.

IV

A YEAR passed, and Dorothy and I loved Paris more devotedly than ever. Often we wished we could take the oldest living inhabitant with us on our rambles, to tell us who was who in those mysterious houses along the winding streets. There was one friend of ours who was particularly good at that game—Gaspardeau, a Paris journalist who specialized in knowing everything and everybody. One spring afternoon Dorothy and I were strolling with Gaspardeau along the Champs Elysées. We paused for a moment at the kiosk where a year before we bought papers daily from Mme. Tourtel.

"What contrasts—Paris!" Dorothy remarked. "There's the palace she used to gaze at from her kiosk—all glittering with preparations for festivity, and she shivering here in the rainy wind! Who do you suppose lives there?"

"A new member of the Chamber of Deputies," our all-knowing journalist informed us, "M. Tarand, the great manufacturer, rich as Crœsus and already a powerful figure in the Chamber because of his knowledge of industrial problems and the importance of his financial relations."

"Just money?" asked Dorothy.

"No—brains, and power. Besides, his money enabled him to marry a daughter of the Duke of Chateausablons—the brilliancy of their soirées! I'm going there to-night myself, it happens."

Next day Gaspardeau dropped in and announced that he had been especially besought to bring his young American friends to the Tarand abode.

The following Sunday evening, in consequence, we crossed a courtyard enriched with fountains sculptured long ago in Italy, we mounted a staircase of coloured marbles, we passed through a hall adorned with sumptuous mural paintings and coloured reliefs, we entered a salon hung with priceless tapestries—Sixteenth Century Flemish, with

scenes from Ovid's Metamorphoses. There we were graciously welcomed by Mme. Tarand. We drifted on from room to room. Fluttery young girls were dancing with middle-aged dandies, animated groups scattered talk and jest, there was love-making in corners and in conservatories, everywhere fair raiment, elegance, animation.

"After all, this is only the outer court of the temple!" expounded Gaspardeau. "Now, by special direction, I'm to conduct you to the innermost shrine, the quintessential holy of holies—the reason why the soirées of M. and Mme. Tarand are frequented by the most interesting notabilities of Paris."

He led us up a staircase to another floor of the mansion, and into a salon panelled in carved black oak. Beyond opened a smaller room, with a fire of logs burning in an open fireplace. By the chimney-corner sat a little old woman—we could see only her snow-white hair. Seven or eight people were seated about her in a gossiping circle.

"Let's see whom she has to-night?" whispered Gaspardeau to me. "Yes, there's Marshal Foch, and the Italian Ambassador, and Gavarnie, whose last novel was crowned by the Academy, and Réjane, the actress, and Besnard, the portraitist—I don't recognize the others, but they're probably just as gifted—she has a way of discovering talent years before the rest of the world recognizes it."

"Who is she?" Dorothy asked.

"Our host's grandmother—the one woman in Paris who really comes closest to having a salon."

"What's her secret?—how does she do it?"

"She makes people feel they've never talked so brilliantly in their lives!" answered Gaspardeau. "Shall we go on in? It's she who asked me to persuade you to come."

We entered the room.

Almost we could hear the creaking of rusty hinges in her joints as she rose and stretched out her hands in enthusiastic welcome to her long-lost friends.

It was the poor old thing!

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A DÉBUTANTE

By Sam Hellman

HE spoke so frankly of his colourful past and with such penitent finality that she rejected him. The future promised to be too dull.

AT fifty, a woman is thinking of the men she might have married: a man, of the women he didn't have to.

PATRICK ON THE MOUNTAIN

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

I

A WINDY, rainy morning it was, with the sea running high and wherever you'd look, up above at the sky or out over the water, it was all gray and dreary, fit to break your heart. A crowd of people was standing out on the rocks and in it was Ellen, that had married Corney O'Heyne, a thin, dark bit of a woman, who'd a quiet way with her. Near her was her two lads, Johnnie that was like his father, a fine, strong boy, and queer little Paddy.

There'd been a terrible storm the day before and there was many feared that all the boats wouldn't come back at all. But after a bit there's a sail to be seen and Lanigan's boat comes in and his old woman begins to praise the saints. He tells how when they'd seen the storm coming up, they'd found a good shelter down below in the Rocky Bay, and lay there till all was safe again. All the time he was talking the others was coming in, till in the end there wasn't a boat missing but O'Heyne's.

"We've not seen him at all," says Lanigan. "It may be he's gone to fish up by the Islands. Let ye wait a bit and he'll be back."

But Ellen takes her boys by the two hands of them and starts off home. Some of the women calls after her to ask her wasn't she going to wait till her man'd come.

"I am not," says she. "I'll never see him again in this world."

She went back to the bit of a house they had, on the hill, and closed the door. She sat down and stood the two lads up before her, and looked at them a long time.

"Johnnie," says she, "you're like your father that's gone. You've the same kind way with you and the blue eyes of him, and all. Oh, Johnnie darling, you'll make some woman happy one of these days! Only be kind, like him, and honest, the way you'll be proud to meet him in heaven."

Then she looks at the other, little Paddy. Handsome he was, as a picture, but terrible dark and queer. He was like none of the others in that part of the world. He'd no fear in him at all of God nor man. He'd laugh in your face if you'd give him any warning whatever.

"Patrick," says the mother, "I want you to be a priest. 'Tis the only thing will save you at all. You're young and it may be you don't understand, but I can see all that is coming. If you've any love in your heart for me," says she, "you'll do what I've said."

Then she sends the two of them down to the shore again to listen to the talk there, and sits alone by herself in the bit of a house, for a terrible grief was on her.

"Oh, Corney!" says she, "you're in heaven, darling. You can look down and see me, Corney, and all the years will be like a minute to you. But I can't see you, Corney, and there's years and years to live before ever I'm with you again. Oh, 'tis bitter! I'm wild and distracted without you! How will I live without you at all? Oh, my heart is broke!"

She was weeping and crying in there all alone for a long time, then she dried her eyes and got ready the supper for the two boys.

"Corney," says she, talking in her strange way like her man was there be-

fore her eyes, "there's but one thing I can do for you, darling. All the wisdom and the strength that's in me I'll give out for the two boys, the way you'll be proud of them when their time comes to be with you up there."

She worked hard to do that. She went up to the castle, and took service with the lady there, and she saved all they gave her so that her boys could get learning. Paddy was soon off in a foreign land, studying out of books, and Johnnie she sent to Belfast to learn the shipbuilding. Every chance they'd get the lads would be home, for they'd a great love for their mother that had done so much for them. They had also a great love for that part of the world, and there was nothing they liked better than to listen to Ellen while she'd be telling what Corney'd told to her.

"The O'Heynes was a grand family in the old days," she'd say. "Kings, I dare say, with more gold than you could count, and miles and miles and acres and acres of land hereabouts: Mulroney O'Heyne died at Clontarf, and all the others was for ever fighting and perishing in battles."

And she'd point out a small island a half mile maybe from the shore.

"Till this day," she'd say, "that island is known as O'Heyne's Island, for there was an old castle there built by Dermot O'Heyne long and long ago. There's nothing whatever left of it now, and the trees and the grass is growing all over the place, but it was a grand sight in the old days."

And she'd tell them they must try to bring back those days and the glory of the O'Heynes.

II

WELL, it went on that way for years, Ellen working as a servant up at the castle, and keeping nothing at all for herself, not making any friends nor going into any other house, nor taking any pleasure whatever, but thinking all the time about the boys.

She was terrible proud of Johnnie. It seems he didn't like the shipbuilding, but he worked hard and kept what he'd earned, and by the time he was twenty-two, he'd bought a fine little boat of his own. They said he was the best fisher along the coast, for he was strong and bold, and luck was with him.

He kept to his fishing for a year, and then one day he marches up to the castle, as bold as brass, and takes his mother away.

"Come home," says he, "and as long as I'm living you'll want for nothing."

"Johnnie," says she, "it must be your father is happy to hear you now."

There was never a better son lived than Johnnie O'Heyne. Nothing would put him in a bad temper at all, and he'd always a good word for all she'd done for him. He'd come in and sit down and tell her all he'd heard the day long, as pleased as could be, till it seemed he wanted no other company at all.

One evening when he got home, he took it into his head his mother was tired.

"She's been all this time working for me," he thinks. "And now she is getting old. 'Tis time she had a rest."

So the next time there was a fair over beyond the hills, Johnnie goes there to see can he find a young girl to work for his mother. And there, standing with the others, is the prettiest, liveliest colleen ever he'd seen. Her face was rosy and round, like a young child's, but she'd altogether the saucy look of a grown girl in the gray eyes of her.

"What's your name?" asks Johnnie.

"Celia Costigan," says she.

"Would it suit you to work for my mother?" he asks.

They've a few words more about what was to be paid and the like, and the end of it all was, Celia went home along with Johnnie. So modest and civil-spoken she was, that Ellen took to her from the first ever she saw her. The girl tells how her mother's been dead this long time, and her father'd died a few months ago, and now she'd no home at all and nothing in the wide world but her two hands.

"I'll work hard," says she. "I'm neat and quick and stronger than

you'd think. I've had a bit of schooling, too."

"You're a girl after my own heart," says Ellen. "Let you stay with me, and I'll be good to you."

So the next night when Johnnie comes home, there's the two of them sitting in the doorway knitting. And from that time on he had no peace at all. Him that had thought to be kind to a poor girl could think of nothing now but would *she* be kind to *him?* And for all he'd brought her there to work for his mother, he couldn't bear to see her working at all.

"Let that be, Celia," he'd say. "You've not the strength for it." Or maybe, "Mind you don't leave a finger on that till I'm home again."

Ellen saw how it was with the boy, and she thought he could not do better, for she'd got so, after a while, that she loved Celia like a daughter of her own. She bought good clothes for her and the like, and they'd never a sharp word between them from one day's end to another.

The girl was a hard one to court however, and it was a long time before Johnnie could get up the heart to speak to her at all, what with her being so cool to him. Because for all her quiet ways, she'd more than a bit of the devil in her, and a sort of wild mischief under her soft-spoken manners. She was in no haste to be married either, seeing she was well off as she was, and though she'd a great liking for Johnnie 'twas not in any way like the love he had for her.

"Well," thinks Ellen, seeing the way it was, "it may be it's better for him like this."

After a bit the girl makes up her mind that she'll take Johnnie, and him and Ellen was terrible pleased. The two women sat the day long sewing and knitting, to get all ready for the grand wedding there was to be. Only, Ellen begs them:

"Let ye wait till Patrick comes home," she says. "The way he can be at the wedding! He'll be that glad to see his brother so happy."

"'Tis a pity," says Johnnie, "that he's not yet a priest, for 'twould have been fine to be married by him."

The three of them was all as happy as could be them days. It seemed like Celia was learning little by little what a grand man altogether she was getting in Johnnie, for she turned more gentle and was not so cool any more. Ellen was delighted entirely with the way it had all come out, and as for Johnnie, he was near distracted.

"I've the best mother that ever lived," says he. "You wouldn't think I'd have the luck to get the best wife as well, would you now?"

Patrick couldn't get home till the Spring, he told them, but he wrote elegant letters to them all, telling how pleased he was, and the like. Then, all of a sudden, with no warning at all, he walks in one day, soon after the New Year.

"I couldn't wait any longer at all," says he, "but I had to see the girl Johnnie's to marry."

His mother was in the house alone then, and she looks at him in a strange sorrowful way, like she was proud of him and yet uneasy. He was that hard to make out! A slim bit of a fellow he was, looking younger than he was, with a dark, thin face and a solemn look. You'd see him walking alone, staring ahead of him with his big black eyes, very stern, and then all of a sudden, he'd see you, and look up with a queer smile, full of mischief and teasing, till you'd not know what to think of him.

Ellen talked to him that day and asked him about his learning, and what the Fathers said of him, and he answered it all, very patient and loving.

"Oh, Patrick!" says she, "please God, you'll be a good priest. Think often," says she, "of the blessed Saint whose name you bear."

He told her some of the things that was in his heart.

"'Tis queer," says he, "but I've no regrets at all, like some others. 'Tis no trouble to me to be giving up all that most men want the most. I do not want a wife nor children nor

money. All I want is to be alive, and in health, and I've joy enough."

"Whist!" said Ellen. "What talk is that! Tell me now about them French and their outlandish ways."

All the rest of it came about so quick, no one could understand it at all. Only in a few days it was plain to all that Celia was in love with Patrick, and didn't care who'd know it.

She never took her eyes off of him. She'd no use now for Johnnie at all. She sat about weeping and weeping except when Patrick'd speak to her, and make her laugh. Then one day Ellen comes upon the two of them, down on the rocks, she sitting with her head on his shoulder and him stroking her round cheeks, in a teasing, loving sort of way.

"For the love of God, Patrick!" cries Ellen. "Have you forgot entirely what you are?"

"I've taken no vows yet," says he, "and I never will."

"If you've no fear of God, then, don't shame yourself before the whole wide world," says she. "Celia's your own brother's promised wife."

"She's no more a wife than I am a priest," he answers. "I must have her."

"God help us!" groans Ellen. "The Devil is in you."

"Come now, mother darling!" says Patrick. "There's no harm done. Give us your blessing, will you not?"

"My blessing!" says she. "Oh, Patrick, your father hears you now! 'Twill break his heart that you've no honour in you."

Patrick said nothing at all, but was all the time stroking the hair of Celia, very thoughtful.

"You're thinking better of it, are ye not?" cries Ellen. "Patrick, you will give it up, will ye not?"

"I was just thinking," says he, "that there is everything all ready for our wedding."

Then she sees it's of no use talking whatever, and she turns to Celia.

"As for you," says she, "I've no word at all to speak. The punishment will fall heavy enough on you one day for what you've done."

And back she goes to her bit of a house and sits there the whole day, praying and praying and thinking what should she do.

By and by, when it's growing dark, she goes down by the sea and finds Patrick walking there alone, like she knew she'd find him.

"Son!" says she, "before your brother Johnnie knows of this and before 'tis any worse, will you not do one thing your mother begs of you? 'Tis the last thing ever I'll ask, as it is the first."

"And what is it then?" says he.

"Will you not go up on to the top of the mountain down below," says she, "and pass the night there, in praying to the blessed Saint whose name you bear?"

"Yes, I will that," says he. 'Tis a small thing to do for you, mother."

"Here's a warm cloak, then. Let ye wrap it well about you, for there's snow beginning to fall."

"I will," says he. "Good-night, mother!"

"Good-night, my son!" she answers, and watches after him till he's out of sight, tramping along the sands in the dark that's fast gathering.

III

'Twas a long walk to the foot of the mountain, but the road was a good one and Patrick went along easy enough. To tell the truth, he was not sorry at all to pass the night up on the hill top, for he'd a great deal to think over, and he was a great one for being alone out of doors.

The snow was coming down thicker now, but there was no wind nor much cold, and the sky was light, the way you'll often see it on snowy nights, so that he could see his way with little trouble. There was few houses along the way, and now and again he'd pass a man or a woman hurrying home. Very satisfied he was, thinking of Celia and how easy he'd made her love him, though he'd small satisfaction when his mind would turn on Johnnie or his mother.

After a while the road grew wild and lonely and there was no more

houses at all, and after he'd turned away from the coast, the trees grew closer, shutting off the sky. He came to the foot of the mountain, and there the road stopped and there was nothing but a small path to follow.

It was dark there in the woods and colder. The wind blew bitter and gusty and the black branches of the trees was rocking back and forth and rattling like bones. Now and again he'd lose his way and get confused, with all the trees, and the darkness and the snow falling. He was growing tired, too, and for the first time it came into his head that he might die up there all alone in the cold and snow.

"It may be that's what my mother was wanting," he thinks, "the way she'd be rid of me, out of Johnnie's way."

But all the time he knows well that that is not the truth, and that she's some reason he couldn't see at all.

He'd reached the top of the mountain now, and he stood still there where he could see the little lights shining in the houses far below. And it came over him, all of a sudden, that in each one of them houses there was people in trouble or distress, maybe, looking for help and comfort, people that were blind and waiting to be led. He's a sort of notion he could see them, stretching out their arms and begging for a good priest to come to them. He knew well enough he was the one could help them. He knew he had the power to win hearts, and a tongue for persuading.

Then there came up before him the gray eyes and the round cheeks of Celia, and the bit of a house they could have together, with the children and the friends the years would bring. And it seemed to him that she was standing on the one side of him, weeping and entreating him, and on the other side was all those poor people down below, waiting and crying out to him.

A terrible sort of grief came rushing over him, and a great fear, so that the sweat was standing out on his forehead. He fell on his knees in the snow with a groan.

"Oh!" he cries, in his suffering, "I'll have to get help in this!"

He remembers his mother's words, to pray to the great Saint he was named for, and he closes his eyes and puts his mind on that. He thinks of him when he'd be alone on Slemish, and the very words the Saint wrote comes into his mind:

"After I had come to Ireland, I was daily tending sheep, and I prayed frequently during the day, and the love of God, and this faith and fear, increased in me more and more, and the spirit was stirred; so that in a single day I have said so many as a hundred prayers and in the night nearly the same; even before the dawn, I was roused to prayer, in snow, in ice, and rain, and I felt no injury from it, nor was there any slothfulness in me, as I see now, because the spirit was then fervent in me."

And his own spirit was stirred and fervent in him; he could feel his heart struggling in him.

"I'll do it!" he cries. "I'll do what is right. But, for the love of God, make it easy for me. The soul in me is torn in two."

That was a wicked prayer, maybe; whatever way it was, a strange thing happened. As he opened his eyes, it seemed he could see through the dark, over the houses, right down to the sea and the bit of an island where the old O'Heynes had built a castle.

He could see the trees all leafy, like in summer, and the water lapping the shores, and a big gold moon shining on it all. And there was a house on the island such as he'd never seen before, a fine, big round house made of smooth poles very close together, with hazel rods all woven in and out to make a smooth wall, and the whole all plastered and coloured white. There was a good roof of reeds, and yet he could see through it to the inside of the house, to a great room lighted with candles of beeswax, with tables all along the walls and a great crowd of men lying on long couches alongside

the tables. The most of them were young men with great beards and long hair and dressed in bright colours; grand men they were, strong and straight and handsome. Two men were in the middle of the room, playing on small harps, the sweetest music ever you heard, and servants were running in and out with smoking meats, and small dishes of honey and ale and bread, and many other things. Patrick watched them a minute, then his eye fell on the man that sat at the top of the table, and he gives a gasp. For it was as like himself as if he was looking in a glass.

This young man was treated with great honour by all the others, the harpists were singing songs about him and his brave deeds, and whatever was brought in, he was the first to be served with it. Very tired he looked, and from the songs and the talk you'd know he'd been fighting for many days and had destroyed his enemies entirely.

Well, the harpists began a new tune, and a young lad with a sweet voice starts in to sing of the strength and the courage of this young Dermot O'Heyne, when there's a great shout outside, and in comes an old man.

"Run!" he cries. "They're on us!" and drops down on the ground in a heap. After him comes a crowd of screeching servants, in mortal terror, like sheep before a dog, pushing in at the door and screaming to O'Heyne for help.

"Their boats are on the beach!" they cry. "They're coming in hundreds and hundreds. Their torches are making the sky red. Run for your lives. 'Tis death and torture for all that are caught!"

Then the O'Heyne gets up.

"There's boats enough for every one of you," says he. "Go down to the bay and put off into the sea. Go to the east and pass around the cliff, where you'll not be seen. God keep you all!"

"Are you not coming yourself, O'Heyne?" asks one.

"Not yet," he answers. "Make haste with ye now!"

They all ran out, and when they'd gone, he goes into a little room near by. There, sitting very still and quiet, her hands folded in her lap, was a young lady, her face white as a ghost, but trying her best to show no fear whatever. She looks up at Dermot, and all the time Patrick feels she is looking straight at himself. And when Dermot holds out his arms to her, out go her arms, too.

Oh, the face of her! From that day on, whatever he'd be doing, wherever he'd be going, while he was young and when he was old and bent, it was never long out of his mind. Brighter and lovelier than any other ever he could find under the sun, it was, like the dear, lovely face of an angel you'd see in a dream.

He couldn't turn away at all; you'd think the soul had gone out of him entirely, the way he looked at her. And though he knew it was all a dream or the like, he'd somehow the feeling that he was in it with her, and that she saw him. And when she clasps Dermot round the neck, it was the same with him as if her arms was round *his* neck, and it was *him* she loved.

"Oh!" cries he. "God send I never wake from this dream! For what place in this mortal world will I find the like of this girl, or a face the like of hers, or a voice? Ochone, there'll be nothing at all in it for me!"

"Have all your women run away?" asks Dermot.

"They have," says she. "Is it the end now?"

"God knows! Whatever way it is, I don't want to leave all I have for those that are coming. Help me, and we'll hide it away."

So together they ran here and there, picking up dishes of silver and bronze, and rings and bracelets and brooches, all very rich and beautiful. All this they threw into a great bronze cauldron, and lifting it together, they ran out of the house. Patrick watched them.

They went behind the house, to a bit of a hill, and pushing away the earth, there was a rock made like a door. They opened this and there was a fine little stone room. Into this they dropped the cauldron, closed the door,

covered it with earth again, and ran down to the shore.

There was one small boat there; the woman had got into it, and Dermot was pushing off, when a crowd of men with torches came tearing around a corner of the house. They caught the O'Heyne and slit his throat from ear to ear, and the woman they would have carried off, but she'd stuck a knife into her white breast, and was looking at them with dying eyes.

Then it was all gone. Patrick felt the snow drops cold and wet on his face, and opening his eyes, he saw the dawn coming.

At first he was gasping, as if the heart was torn out of him, for thinking of her dying eyes. Then, after a bit, the cold and the snow brings him to his senses, and he begins to see how it is. And then he begins to pray to the blessed Saint Patrick.

"Oh, blessed Saint Patrick!" says he, on his knees, "'tis yourself knows the heart of a man better than any other! I prayed to you to help me and that you've done. Cured and healed entirely I am from that sinful love I had, and I will go straight to my brother and tell him it's sorry I am ever I looked at his woman at all. And never again in life will I cast my eyes on any woman whatever, nor think at all of any of them living. No," he says, "I'll be a priest, and Heaven send, a good one. For," says he, "how ever could I look again at Celia or all the other women walking this earth, after I've set eyes on *her?* What are they, the finest and the handsomest of them all, to *her?* No more than the stars against the sun! Oh, for all the long life of me will I not be seeing *her?*"

Then he gets up and begins going down the mountain side again with the dawn breaking, but black and with no sun at all.

"Isn't the blessed Saint the one who knows the way to bring it all about as he'd wish it!" says he to himself. "It may be there's a sign in it I should go to O'Heyne's Island and look about a bit. I will do so."

And on he walks, smiling and smiling when he'd remember that woman and the wonderful, beautiful face of her.

"Maybe it was an angel," says he, but knowing very well that it was not.

IV

It was not for two days that those at home had news of him at all. They was all in sorrow and grief all that time, his mother, and Johnnie, and poor Celia. They thought maybe he'd died up there on the mountain, but there was no trace nor sign of him however they'd look.

Then, on a bright morning, early, in he comes, dripping with water.

"Whatever became of you at all!" cries his mother. "We thought we would never see you again in life. And why is it you are all wet?"

"I swam from O'Heyne's Island," says he. "I've a notion to spend my days there, and maybe build a grand church there."

They all stared at him, not knowing what had come over him.

"Yes," says he. "All the sin is gone out of me and I'll be a priest. Johnnie, let you take the girl and be happy."

And he gives her a look so cold and scornful that she begins crying. Never another word did she get from him, either. So she married Johnnie, as had been planned in the beginning, and a grand man she got in him too.

Patrick himself did as he had said. He became a priest, and he built a grand, big church on O'Heyne's Island, the grandest and biggest in that part of the world. Where he got the money to do so, no one knew at all, and he would not tell. "Saint Patrick showed me the way," he'd tell any that asked him.

And there he lived on his island, near his grand church, and listened to the music and the singing inside it. And who was to know how often he'd be thinking of what he'd seen there, the round house, and the great bronze caul-

dron, and that woman that was more beautiful than any other that ever lived?

All those near by could not praise him enough, for he was a good man and a holy one.

"Don't give praise to me," he'd say. "'Twas Saint Patrick brought it all about. 'Twas him made me the good man I am to-day."

But he told no one any more about it.

"For," says he to himself, "it may be there's ways of being good that all of ye could not understand."

THE WANDERER

By John Hanlon

WANDERING he heard strange music often,
Serenades
That drifted through birch thickets and across
Dim twilight glades;

Cadences ringing clear as elfin laughter
Or bubbling spring,
And roundelays of rapture that no robin
Could ever sing.

Faint strains that mingled mirth and melancholy
Came to his ear.
He trudged the blossoming hills and mossy valleys,
But never found them near.

The ebb and flow of life within his village
He could not see.
His world was woven by the phantom echoes
Of melody.

He caught a fragment to his heart and held it,
And he was glad.
He came back to his home and sang it to them;
They called him mad;

And yet the little gossamer of rhythm,
Frail as a dryad's tears,
Dreamed by a madman on an April mountain,
Lilts down the years.

UPPER TEN

By Charles Hanson Towne

I

THE train went thundering through the night. The little smoking compartment was crowded. The porter was making up berths as fast as his black hands could move, jumping out of the way now and then to let a man or woman pass. His big body would sink into the curtains, much as a cinnamon bear might start to enter a cave. Nothing seemed to trouble him, he had the impassive, luxurious happiness of the Southern darky. He even hummed at his work.

Gaylord was going North, after four golden weeks at Palm Beach, where golf had been his main occupation. He dreaded the blizzards of New York, after the long serenity of Florida, and he sat dreaming in the stuffy smoking compartment of Palm Beach—that giant peony that seemed always to be at the high moment of perfection. You thought such wonder could not last—but it did; and one day followed another in miraculous procession. You lost count of time. Before you knew it you would have to be leaving—as he indeed was now; and the friends who had called you "Tommy" affectionately would smile now if they realized you were no longer that, but only "Lower Seven."

You lost your identity on a train like this; you were merely one of several hundred packages being shipped North, deftly labelled and ticketed. The conductor might notice your healthily browned skin; but there were others who had acquired the bronze decoration of the South, and it was hardly worth while to mention it. It was like the *croix de guerre;* so many had it that you didn't notice it any more.

Gaylord knew there was a pretty girl in Upper Nine—a girl who perpetually read popular magazines and munched chocolates; and as he drew on his pipe he considered exchanging with her. He felt so healthy, and he could sleep just as well in an upper. Damn it, though, why should he? She hadn't glanced his way at dinner, though he had looked so hard at her that Smith, the dining-car steward, must almost have seen the dotted line that shot from his eyes in her direction. He would have liked to say something to her, just to help kill some time on a tedious journey. Why couldn't people be more informal?

He had about made up his mind that when his pipe went out—which would be in a few moments—he would wander through the car again, sit, as though accidentally, in the same section with her, and open up with some bright remark. His own berth would probably be in process of adjustment by that time, and he would have the best of excuses for intruding upon her privacy. And she *might* look up from that magazine!

The Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes came into the compartment just then, and there was a general shuffling and moving up, to see if room couldn't be made for him.

He had the self-conscious look of a person in such circumstances. He knew he wasn't desired—there were only about six and a half seats, and a half-dozen slender and fat men were already in the little box; but he tried to assume the air of one who is quite within his rights.

He reached for a match, rather nervously, knowing well that every eye was upon him; but of course there were none in the holder. A little embarrassed, he tried to shift his weight nonchalantly to one leg, nodding meanwhile to the others to indicate that he wasn't particular about sitting down.

Gaylord offered him a light.

"I haven't a match, but maybe you can get something from my pipe," he said.

The Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes —he must have been well over fifty— smiled, and looked grateful. How many friendships have sprung from the casual offer of a light!

"Thanks," he murmured.

Everyone else remained perfectly still. The Englishman—there was no doubt about his nationality—wouldn't have spoken anyhow. He gazed straight ahead of him; and you wondered at his concentration until you saw that a mirror was directly in the line of his vision. He was good-looking; a slender thoroughbred, with those bones in the cheek that, when rightly placed, add so much to a man's handsomeness; and women wouldn't have blamed him for looking so intently at himself. As a matter of fact, his eyes never saw his own reflection. He was merely dreaming of a certain London club where, at the hour akin to this, he had always had his whiskey-and-soda and then languidly turned in.

The Plump Millionaire—you couldn't mistake him, either—had sunk back in the corner after a few vain attempts at joviality with his nearest neighbour, and merely puffed away at his expensive Havana, furious that he hadn't been able to engage a drawing-room where he wouldn't have had to rub elbows with anybody.

Two drummers, one bald and of frankly middle age, his companion exceedingly young, with flashing socks, a tie that smote you, and an Elks button, hadn't uttered a sound, save in whispers, for a long time. They were enviously conscious of the fact that all the others, including the rather badly dressed Little Shrimp next the window, were travelling for pleasure; and it hurt them that they would have to leave the train at Washington and try to sell another bill of goods, while their companions loitered on to New York. They would put up at a grub hotel, because everything was so crowded; and as you couldn't get a drink nowadays, life had lost its flavour. What was a girl show unless you viewed it through a haze of alcohol, anyhow? It was hard work killing time in these trains. Why, the club smoker used to be packed in the old days, and you made friends so quickly after one highball that the trip seemed nothing. You were home before you knew it. But now—

Well, they'd get after smoking next, but there'd be a lot of trouble over that. After all, a human being had to have some diversion, and if it wasn't booze or smoking it would be dope. The strain of modern life made it necessary for a man to let off steam somehow. Would they stop kissing, too? Ha, ha! Let 'em try it! The people would rebel for sure. Why, it was a comic opera, that's what it was, this way of running things; and though they had never heard of Gilbert and Sullivan, vaguely they knew of satire, and somebody ought to write a show about our government, and get Belasco or Georgie Cohan to put it on.

The Little Shrimp next the window looked tired. He had pulled his hat down over his eyes, which seemed weak and strained. He wore low button shoes with white socks; and two Liberty Bond emblems were prominent on the lapel of his none too tidy serge coat. His cuff-links were of slate colour and shape, with an enormous flowery "B" in the centre; and the cuffs themselves were round, and celluloid. His hair in the back had been neatly shaved square at the base of his head; while just above the button that peeped above his vest, he had placed a rhinestone pin in his shirt. A garnet flashed from the little finger of one hand, and the nails, had one looked closely, were anything but clean. The

hands themselves were knotted, and were assuredly those of one who did hard manual work. His mouth sagged at the corners; and under the hard, revealing light of the upper burner, you could have named his age as exactly forty. His cigar was a cheap one, and as if he knew its odour would be distasteful to a man like Gaylord, who sat next him, he puffed it in the opposite direction.

The Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes felt it was time he said something.

II

"ANYONE have a ginger-ale with me?" he offered, his hand reaching for the button.

He smiled as he spoke. But he looked just like a man who would treat to ginger-ale. Somehow, even in the pre-prohibition days, you would never have thought of this mild man trying to press a cocktail upon you. His skin was like ivory, and his hair was definitely graying at the temples. There were many fine lines in his face; but they were not those that come from dissipation.

"*I* will, thank you," Gaylord spoke up.

There had been the briefest pause after the other's invitation; and Gaylord, with that innate kindliness that was so much a part of him, couldn't bear to see Mr. Kindly Eyes embarrassed. He knew he would dislike standing up there and sipping his drink alone. Besides, it was a stuffy night, and the ginger-ale would doubtless relieve his parched throat.

The bell was rung, and, while the drinks were being brought, everyone seemed to have broken the solid ice that metaphorically surrounded them on this torrid evening. The drummers decided that they, too, would take a sarsaparilla; and this gave them a new excuse to dilate on the never-old subject of prohibition.

"Now, think of seven God-fearin' fellers havin' to sit up here an' order soft drinks!" the younger one complained, his cigarette dropping from the corner of his mouth so far that every second it seemed likely to fall and cover his immaculate clothes with ashes. "An' they call this a free country!"

He went on and on, fortified at the sound of his own voice; and every bromidic remark uttered since the enactment of the Constitutional Amendment fell from his voluble lips.

Even the Little Shrimp in the corner roused himself when the clinking glasses came in, and listened attentively. He didn't say much; he was still too sleepy. Miami, where he had boarded the train, had instilled the habit of drowsiness into him.

"How long were you there?" Gaylord finally turned and asked him.

"Six weeks. First vacation the wife and I have had in fifteen years," the Little Shrimp answered, flattered that so fine a gentleman should draw him into the circle.

The others couldn't help evincing surprise that one so dressed could afford a six weeks' lay-off.

Perhaps their glances betrayed what they were thinking; but the Little Shrimp never noticed. He had ordered a White Rock on his own, and sent a pint bottle in to the wife—Lower Ten, he told the porter; and he paid for the drinks out of a roll of bills. But this didn't amaze Gaylord. So often he had seen janitors and bellboys pull out of their jeans unbelievable rolls of money; and he smiled to recall how often Trimble, his man, could miraculously produce fifty bucks whenever he ran short. And he remembered how, in his first youth, when he had manfully opened a savings bank account, he had observed the line of poorly dressed clients who deposited great rolls of cash, day after day—far more than he ever could put in!

This was one of the mysteries of America—the small tradesmen who always seemed to have a purse like the widow's cruse of oil. And as for himself, he didn't believe he had more than ten dollars on his person—just enough left, after paying his hotel bill, to see

him through on the train, and get a taxi at the station.

"I'm a dyer—a silk-dyer," the Little Shrimp from Upper Ten volunteered, apropos of nothing at all.

No one had asked him his occupation, or anything further about himself. Perhaps in some psychic way he guessed they were interested, after all; out of the corner of his eye he may have seen their glances at his roll of bills.

"The wife and I needed a little trip, an' I just said we'd take it. We had to leave the two kids home, in Long Island City. Gosh! Florida's a swell place," he added. "Think o' seein' banana trees! I'd like to live down there; it's so darned cold up North."

Gaylord wondered at his sudden volubility—this little fellow who but a few moments ago had been apparently quietly resting in the corner. He turned and looked him over carefully. He was certainly one of the most insignificant fellows he had ever seen—a type that you met everywhere—on trolleys, on trains, coming out of cheap lodge-halls, in tiny shops on the lower East Side.

"How did you happen to pick out Florida?" Gaylord asked, more because he wanted to keep the fellow going now that he seemed to be wound up.

"Because it was so far away," Upper Ten answered. "I says to the wife, 'As long as we're goin' on a trip,' I says, 'let's take a good one.' An' so we came."

The Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes was interested too, now. Those eyes of his smiled, as definitely as his lips did; and now that they were all intimate, and as though the ginger ale had gone to his head, he got the porter to bring a stool for him, and sat facing the others, much as a Sunday-school teacher faces his class.

"I suppose you do a good business in Long Island City," he said. "I used to know that place well. Handy for New York, too."

"Yes, sir," replied the Little Shrimp. The "air" placed him, if further placing were necessary. "We used to do a rattling good business; but the war sort o' put a crimp in things. I've been savin' up a long time for this trip. The wife wasn't well. We lost our last baby."

There was nothing much to say for a moment. It seemed odd to Gaylord, and absolutely non-understandable to the Englishman, of course, that anyone could tell so much of his private affairs on such swift acquaintance. But even the Plump Millionaire looked interested in this last remark, and couldn't help blurting out, "We lost ours, too."

Of course that was the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, and before they knew it, Mr. Millionaire and the Little Shrimp were as thick as only two men in a smoker can be and they discovered that they both had helped to bring the same number of children into this troubled world; and strangely enough in each case their families had consisted of two girls and a boy; and the boy it was that died. What stronger bond could two men desire? It seemed to bind them like cement.

The Englishman, too, became interested. He drawled something about its being a queer world, don't you know; and the bald drummer told of even stranger coincidences. Why, he had a lodge pal who had his little finger cut out once in a sawmill, and the very next day *his* best pal had *his* little finger cut off, too, in a trolley accident. Could you beat it? He should say not; and he'd tell the world.

"You remember, Ed? I've told you about it often," he said, turning to his young companion, as if the other's verification would cause the story to be thoroughly believed.

For a moment, Gaylord thought he couldn't stand Ed and Bill. Their line was gents' neck and underwear. They carried samples of an extensive stock; but their chief concern, they rambled on, was of their private stock.

As they talked on and on without ceasing, their voices finally became obliterated in the rush and roar of the train, and Gaylord's thoughts went back to the girl who insistently read the mag-

azines and munched the chocolates. His pipe had definitely gone out; and he wasn't very comfortable where he sat—he never did like to ride backwards, anyhow. So he said to the Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes:

"Why don't you sit here? I'm going back to see if my berth's made up. This is better than that stool."

III

To his delight, Upper Nine was still sitting in her own section, alone, and she had finished reading. There was only one other section at liberty, and that was filled with grips and golf-bags. Obviously, there was no place for him to sit except with Upper Nine, so he plumped himself down boldly, facing her; and now he didn't seem to mind riding backwards at all!

"I beg your pardon," he said, as his foot inadvertently touched hers.

"Oh, that's all right," she replied, in a voice that was too lovely to be true, and that exactly matched her face.

As she spoke, she looked him straight in the eyes; and he realized then that he had never really seen those blue orbs before—they had always been selfishly bent over one of those darned magazines.

Had Gaylord been a poet he would have ruminated for a moment on how fortunate was the magazine page that could rivet the attention of such a pair of glorious eyes; but, being only a wholesome young American business man, he wasn't interested in what had been, but only in what was.

And now, at this very instant, he was sitting opposite one of the most enchanting creatures he had ever seen. It did vaguely cross his mind that a lot of time had been wasted over reading and smoking and talking to several uninteresting men in a stuffy smoking-compartment; but that's as far as Gaylord ever went in retrospect. He was a forward-marching type of fellow, and what was past was past. Only to-day counted—only this moment, in fact.

He never quite knew how he started the conversation that followed. Miraculously she opened up to him much as a beautiful flower might open beneath the insistent spell of the sun, and he found himself telling her all about his life in New York, his frequent vacations—like the one he had just spent; and she, in turn, was revealing more of herself than she ever had told to anyone, she said. She was not generally communicative and she didn't quite know why she talked so freely to him.

"I live with an aunt," she went on, munching a chocolate and offering him one. Gaylord didn't mind what she did, so long as she didn't read that confounded magazine. "She's conservative and pins me down. I just *have* to get away once in a while or I'd go mad. So I've just come from a visit with an old schoolmate who lives in Florida. I was chaperoned down; but Mrs. Livermore was taken ill and couldn't come back with me. That's why I'm travelling alone—and I've never done it before. I *had* to come North—aunty would never forgive me if I stayed away an hour longer than I said I would."

"I'm afraid she'll never forgive you, then, for these trains are always several hours late. Instead of getting in at a nice seemly hour, you'll find yourself arriving at one or two in the morning, may be."

"What a kill-joy you are, to be sure!" said Miss Morrison—she had told him her name after he had brazenly inquired what the "M" stood for on all her bags.

"But in case we do get in so late, I hope you wouldn't mind if I took it upon myself to see you safely to your home?"

He *was* making progress!

"Why, Mr. Gaylord, I'm not so sure that I could let you. You see, Aunty's terribly conventional. What *would* she think if a stranger drove up with me to the house?"

He didn't know; he couldn't say. It was just like a story-book. Beautiful damsel living alone in large, old-fashioned house with elderly aunt on, probably, Lower Fifth Avenue. Arrival

after long train trip late at night. Handsome stranger (oh, yes, he had to put that in, for he knew he was called handsome by his friends) offers to see her home, and she rebels through perfectly proper, conventional fear.

But they had two more days to travel together—or, rather, a day and a night; and he wouldn't give up yet.

There was a noise behind them, and out of the stuffy smoker had emerged the two drummers; and Gaylord heard the younger one saying, as he moved up the aisle past him—thank God they were in another car!—"And to think of a poor little shrimp like that, Bill, being able to spend six weeks in Miami! *We* never had a roll like his, did we now? Say, I'd like to—"

Then he saw Gaylord, and, with the swiftness that comes only with drummer practice, he saw the beautiful girl sitting opposite him, and he winked at his erstwhile companion of the smoker. As definitely as words, his whole expression said: "Some kid, eh?"

Gaylord could have knocked him down. The fellow had been almost unbearable in the confines of the smoker; out here in the aisle, which was like a road that led to a larger world, he was shown in his true colours and became utterly impossible. Off the train he would be anathema. And to think he had to see him for another whole day and evening!

"Berth's ready any time, sir," the porter proclaimed to Gaylord. "Want yours made up now, miss?"

He didn't mind intruding upon their private talk; all he cared about was finishing his night's work and getting to bed—in the stuffy smoking compartment.

It was here that Gaylord became magnanimous.

"Miss Morrison will take Lower Seven, porter, and I'll take this Upper Nine."

"I won't hear of it!" Miss Morrison said.

But she did. How could one let a lovely girl climb to that wretched spot, while he, a young, athletic citizen, slept serenely in a bed nearer the earth? That's what he wanted to know. He wouldn't close his eyes thinking of her misery and discomfort. For his sake she must defer to his wishes.

He twisted the whole argument so that, if she refused, she was playing him a dastardly trick, making him utterly selfish, and she had to give in. But not without whispered protests—whispered, because now it was quite late and others had retired, lying like animated loaves of sugar in little crates.

It was funny to think of them thus. You could hear a delicate snore now and then, and you wondered if it came from Upper Three or Lower Five. Was it possible that that dark-eyed siren uttered such unearthly sounds in her slumber? Ye gods! no one would ever marry if he first studied the manners of human beings in a sleeper! Yet brave folk—in the first flush of youth, of course!—had frequently dared to dash off on a honeymoon by train!

IV

It was some time toward three o'clock in the morning that Gaylord was awakened by a stirring and the sound of a voice near his berth.

He had fallen asleep almost at once, being young and vigorous, and he had been particularly pleased with himself for his magnanimity. He had a clear conscience, he had just had a splendid vacation, and he was happy. What more is needed to send one swiftly down the primrose path of Slumber?

"I can't find it, I tell you, Lil!"

The sentence was uttered in a hoarse whisper from Upper Ten, but Gaylord, for all his drowsiness, recognized it at once as the voice of the Little Shrimp. And instinctively he knew that that wad of money was lost.

The porter came down the aisle, partially dressed, and soon one of the conductors was stirring, too, near the Shrimp. The wife's whispers could be heard, too. Her husband had climbed down into the aisle, and, had Gaylord poked his head out of the curtains, he

might have seen a rumpled Shrimp and a sleepy, distracted Lil looking wildly through valises, poking under pillows, and messing things up generally in their frantic efforts to find something.

Gaylord lay there in the dark, thinking, if the money were really gone, what a disastrous ending this would be to a six weeks' hard-earned holiday. Surely that little fellow couldn't afford the loss of any such sum. It must have been considerable—far more than any person, however well-to-do, should have carried.

"There's no use wakin' up the whole car," the conductor was trying to urge, in one of those stage whispers that accomplish the very thing they decry. "We'll look everywhere in the mornin'. I've got to turn in."

Evidently he left them, in no little disgust. Perhaps he had seen at once that Upper Ten was a person of no importance whatever, and, if he had been plainly dressed in the daytime, now, doubtless, he was a sight in a flannel nightgown—such a man would never wear pyjamas—and neither the conductor nor the porter intended to waste any more precious time on him. His troubles, probably only imaginary anyhow, could wait until the morning.

There were a few more hurried whispers, a brief settling down again, and the train whistled as it crossed a bridge, screamed its authentic way through the darkness, and the two little loaves of sugar were back in their respective crates.

Gaylord didn't sleep much after that. He couldn't, for thinking of that little fellow and his great loss. What a tragedy it was to be what the world calls "common"! Now, if this had happened to the beautiful and aristocratic Miss Morrison, the car would have been in an uproar on her account, and he would have been the very first to rush to her assistance.

Toward dawn he fell asleep for a brief interval, not a little ashamed of himself for not actively caring about the Shrimp and Lil and their painfully serious affairs.

V

At breakfast everyone was talking of Upper Ten's tragic loss. Yes, indeed, it was pitifully true. He had misplaced that roll of bills. He had gone back to the observation car after he left the smoking compartment—he never knew why. Gaylord dragged what information he could out of him. How much was it? Four hundred dollars!

"I kep' it pinned in this little pocket," he dramatically revealed, "because I wanted to be sure not to lose it. After I paid for that White Rock last night I didn't pin it in again; I needed that safety-pin for a toothpick when I et a sandwich Lil gave me before I turned in. Oh, gee, if she only hadn't given me that sandwich, maybe I'd never have lost the wad!"

"You probably dropped it in the aisle of one of the other cars. If a passenger picked it up, you're all right; if it was one of the porters, I'm not so sure. Some of those darkies would take anything. It's not their fault. They're like cats with mice. It's born in 'em."

That seemed precious little consolation to offer a poor little shrimp, but it was the best Gaylord could do. He felt the utter inadequacy of words at such a time—just as one feels it when there is a human loss.

Lil was strangely silent and calm. She was a pale, anæmic body, with vague bluish eyes behind thick glasses; and her little brown suit looked always rumpled. She was as blurred as something behind isinglass, and never in her life before, she had told a woman in the observation car, had she been on a sleeper, save on the trip down.

Suddenly this frail, inconsequential little being found herself the cynosure of all eyes. A curious interest attached to her: when she went through the aisle people whispered, and, the first shock of their terrible financial loss being withstood, she was not a little pleased at the spotlight thrown upon her. She could see the sympathy in the eyes of everyone. Never had she known publicity before, and the questions of the other pas-

sengers sent colour to her faded cheeks. Instead of groaning over her misfortune, she began to revel in the attention she attracted. It was the nearest she and the Shrimp would ever come to fame.

Smith, the steward of the dining car, was a shrewd man. He told Gaylord he was certain none of the darkies had found the money and pocketed it; for, had one of them done so, he would have known it in a minute, for he couldn't have concealed his delight at such sudden opulence. He knew Negroes well, for he was a Savannah man himself, and there wasn't a darkey trait he didn't understand.

The whole train became a little world wherein this one subject was the topic of conversation. Somewhere in that long line of cars the money reposed. Whose pocket contained it? Someone whisked by you through the aisles, and you couldn't help wondering if *that* was the thief! You looked up, and it was a smartly dressed woman on her way to the diner, and you smiled.

Miss Morrison buried herself in a magazine directly after breakfast. Gaylord had spoken to her as soon as he could—she rose late—and she thanked him profusely for his kindness in giving her his berth; but she seemed to close up after that. He wondered if she regretted the confidences of the night before. So many girls were that way.

He tried to gain headway by telling her, as dramatically as he could, omitting no trivial detail, of the Little Shrimp's loss, but she was strangely disinterested.

"Too bad," was all she said; and it was then she took out another magazine and paid it the compliment of looking through it.

There was nothing for Gaylord, as a gentleman, to do, except to leave the section as gracefully and as soon as he could. How overwhelmingly pretty she looked! And how hard it was to leave her! But he inwardly confessed he was disappointed that she seemed so callous about the Little Shrimp and Lil.

If she was as cold as this, disillusion would begin. In fact, it began then and there. He didn't like that kind of person, male or female. But he found himself looking back at her all through the rest of the morning; and his own book palled upon him, and the scenery was uninteresting, and the whole trip bored him unutterably.

Ed and the other drummer came swinging down the aisle from a late breakfast, with toothpicks between their lips and black cigars in their hands.

"Coming in for a smoke?" the younger fellow asked as they passed Gaylord.

He thought he might just as well go with them, much as he disliked them, as to sit still, gazing out of the window or, unhappily, at the adamant Miss Morrison. Moreover, it is strange how quickly our personal antipathies disappear under the necessity for some human contact. If Gaylord had been cast on a desert island with Ed and Bill he would have got on with them. Now, because of Miss Morrison's indifference, the train became, literally, a desert island for him. Any companionship was better than complete isolation.

Of course, Ed and Bill were full of the contagious excitement, glad of it as a break in the monotony of the journey; sorry, in their uncouth way, for the Shrimp, and suspicious only of the porters and waiters.

"Why, a decent white man couldn't rob a little chap like that—not on a stylish train like this!" Ed gave forth.

"Gee," he added, laughing in pretended nervousness, "I hope nobody suspects me! Oh, boy!"

And his cigar slid to the side of his mouth and he gave his trousers another upward pull, so that a wide expanse of his flashing hose was visible—the same hose of the night before, Gaylord was conscious of noticing.

The Englishman stuck his dishevelled head through the curtains at this moment. He was indeed a late riser. When you saw men as you saw him now, good-looking though he was, unshaven and partially undressed, you wondered, with George Moore, why women ever married; yet had you been

at the other end of the car you might have wondered why men did, too, for kimonos and hairpins are not the magnets of love, and a romantic attachment might easily fade into nothingness before eyes dimmed by restless slumber.

The Englishman, like many another experienced traveller, had risen late in the hope that he would have the small washing-room to himself. It was obvious that he was inwardly furious at finding these men sitting like an audience to view his ablutions. There are moments when an Englishman, more than any other person, wishes to be alone. He could not go without his shave, so, after one angry glance at the others and a curt "Good morning," he opened an elaborate case which seemed to contain every razor in the world and every implement ever devised for the making of a successful male toilet. Scissors and bright little nippers gleamed from the washstand, and Ed and Bill were impressed, though they smiled out of the corner of their mouths, nudged each other and inwardly thought such shining devices were effeminate and should have no place in the paraphernalia of a man six-foot-one.

They were, moreover, delighted to be the first to tell the Englishman of the robbery, or the loss, or whatever it was. There is hardly anyone who doesn't like to break bad news.

"Who would have thought that Little Shrimp had so much coin?" Ed wondered. "Gosh! you never know in this world, do you? I always say to Bill here how wrong it is to judge a customer by his clothes. I remember once in Moline, Illinois—dull town, that!—we ran into a—"

But here the Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes entered—his eyes looked even kinder in the daylight—and Ed's sentence somehow trailed off, mercifully, and was lost in the rattle of the train.

"Poor Shrimp!" the Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes began. "Rotten luck; and he's such a good little sport about it. He hasn't whimpered a bit, and that little wife of his is a corker, too. I wondered if they had enough to pay for their meals the rest of the trip, and I offered him twenty-five. They hadn't another sou."

He sat down, and took the label off his cigar, reached out for a match and calmly observed, along with the others, the Englishman at his elaborate and difficult toilet.

Gaylord looked in admiration at him. Of course, a man with eyes like those would think to lend the Little Shrimp some money! How did it happen that he, Gaylord, forgot to make such an offer?

He was suddenly consumed with shame—he who had tried to renew his acquaintance with Miss Morrison, when he might have been doing a worthy deed farther down the aisle! What selfish rotters most of us were, after all! We prided ourselves on our essential love of our fellow man, and then when a chance came to show the stuff we were made of we failed utterly. Human beings were a pack of blunderers, to put it mildly. It was so easy to sympathize and talk and suggest, but to think that only one in all that train gave some practical evidence of human sympathy! Where had Mr. Plump Millionaire been?—he who had taken such a fancy to the Shrimp because of the similarities in their families. When it came to lending money, how distant the relations became!

The train lurched, the Englishman murmured a word hardly printable and blood gushed from his lip. Through the mirror they could all see that he had given himself a rather nasty cut, and Gaylord, remembering his delinquency about the Little Shrimp, determined that here was his chance to redeem himself, in a measure.

He sprang up immediately.

"I've got some stuff that'll stop that in a second," he said, and went hurriedly to his section, opened his grip and pulled forth the bottle he wanted.

He came back and gave it to the Englishman, who, though he had everything else seemingly in his own case, had nothing to stop the flow of blood.

"You were mighty nice to the Little

Shrimp," Gaylord couldn't help saying to the Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes, as he sat down again and puffed on his pipe.

"No nicer than you were to our friend here," the other answered. "Your deed was as good as mine."

And he smiled; and when he smiled what eyes he had, indeed! They seemed like astonishing lights in a troubled, gloomy world.

VI

At luncheon time the steward placed a sign, neatly written, at both entrances of the dining car. It read:

"*A gentleman has lost* $400 *on this train. If found, it may be returned to the undersigned, and no questions will be asked.* A. H. Smith, *Steward.*"

Tactful enough, Gaylord thought, as he went in alone to eat. And Smith had doubtless been impelled to do this because of that doe-like quality in the eyes of the Little Shrimp and the continual thought of what so great a loss must mean to him and his frumpy wife. There is no freemasonry quite so strong as that existing between people of about the same working class. It is like the pity of the poor for the poor. They know.

But nothing happened. Yet someone had read that sign who knew that his conscience could never be clear unless he returned the roll of bills. That the money was merely lost was unbelievable, for every corner, every cranny, had been searched in vain. No. Someone had found the wad of bills where it had been dropped and calmly pocketed it.

The diner filled up, emptied again, got its second and third quotas, and there were always whispers unending. The protagonists of the little drama came and went, keenly observed by everyone in the car. They seemed a little paler, and evidently they had not been mercifully allowed to forget their loss in a night of sleep. Thanks to the Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes, they ate a full meal and even liberally tipped the waiter. The steward paid special attention to them, and it was he himself who opened their napkins, poured their water and straightened the tablecloth at the corners before the waiter brought their food.

As the train drew into Washington Ed and Bill made loud preparations to depart. They shook hands with those with whom they had talked the most, and they even went personally to Upper Ten and told him how much they hoped he'd get back his coin. It was too bad, and some rascal must be feelin' fine!

"Good-bye and good luck!" was their final greeting, and then they stepped off to sell bills of goods and wish to heaven there was a saloon where they could refresh themselves. Alas, for the good old days that would never come again!

Gaylord glanced from the window as the train drew out, and he saw Ed smile at Bill, and their heads went together, almost in a bump. What were they laughing at? At him and Miss Morrison? Or—

An unholy thought came to him.

Had they—

What a silly ass he was to be thinking such things. He wasn't a detective, after all, and it was none of his business, when you came to analyze it. But Ed had been envious of that big roll, and they were only travelling salesmen on small salaries, no doubt, and commissions, and— Well, it was impossible. Whatever else those fellows might be—vulgarians, roisterers, talkative fools—they were not *that.*

Miss Morrison continued to bury herself in her magazine; and just beyond Washington, when the train slowed up and Gaylord realized that they would be hours late, after all, he wondered if he should dare to ask if he could see her safely home. It would be a ghastly time to reach the big town and, even though she had been so indifferent, he couldn't forget his innate chivalry. She looked so refined, so able, and yet so unable, to take care of herself. He ventured to approach her once more.

"It will be late, Miss Morrison, when we get in. Couldn't I—"

"Oh, you're very kind, Mr. Gaylord,

but really, I couldn't put you out to that extent. Maybe the Little Shrimp, as you call him, and his wife would need you far more. *They* seem to be the people in trouble on this train! I *am* sorry for them. You must have thought me queer this morning, but I've got the kind of mind that loves serial stories, and I'm following eight at once in different magazines, and I just can't stop!"

So that was it! The world could go hang for all of her when she was immersed in one of those exciting yarns! How wonderful to be able to shut everything out that way! By George, how young she was, and how jaded and blasé he suddenly felt beside her!

It was midnight when the train pulled in at the Pennsylvania Station.

The Little Shrimp and his wife, all hope gone, and all sorts of suggestions about writing to the Company having been made, began to get their belongings together. A dozen people must have come up to them and told them before they left of their real sympathy. The Englishman and Mr. Plump Millionaire were sure all would come out right.

As Gaylord shook the hard hand of the silk-dyer, and noticed the twitching at the corners of his mouth, he realized what the little fellow had been through and how much he had held in during these last miserable hours.

Gaylord's words seemed to touch him most of all, and he and the little wife almost broke down when he was saying:

"And if I can ever help you, please let me know. I've got your address. Maybe you'll let me motor over and see you sometime?"

Why didn't Miss Morrison say something to them? Gaylord thought. She was the typical indifferent New Yorker, he couldn't help knowing.

"Get them a cab," she murmured to him. "Don't bother about me. *I'm* able to take care of myself, Mr. Gaylord."

She even put her hand affectionately on his shoulder. And in that moment he saw, or imagined he saw, for the first time a rather strange look in her eyes. Yet who was he to judge anyone?—he who had been anything but practically kind. How dared he hold such thoughts? Was he losing his sense of proportion? She didn't say one word directly to the little Shrimp and Lil. Women were funny. Only this wasn't funny. It was tragic. How good it would be to get away from the tiresome train! His nerves were on edge. Like Ed and Bill, he wanted a drink. He would have suspected anyone—anyone in that moment.

He turned, and she was gone, in an instant, the porter following her with her bags. He lost her in the great crowd.

Yes, he ruminated, as he followed his bags and golf sticks, he would have suspected anyone—anyone except the Man with the Kindly Gray Eyes. Yet on the Seventh Avenue side of the station this individual got into a taxi. Miss Morrison was in it, waiting for him, far back in the darkness of one corner.

"A poor haul for a long trip," he said to her, as he stepped in. "I hope you got the nice Mr. Gaylord's watch?"

"I did," laughed Miss Morrison. "And how well the Aunty story always goes!"

The other laughed. "Well, I let the Little Shrimp have twenty-five dollars and gave him an address where he could return it, if he's honest. But even if he never does, we're three hundred and seventy-five to the good!"

And they drove uptown.

Now that no one could see, a hard, steel-like glitter came into those kindly eyes.

DURESS

By Babette Deutsch

THE scent of roses and of cigarettes
Wandering through the room,
Is like a music that one half forgets,
Is like a touch that in withdrawal closes—
The mingled scent of cigarettes and roses.
You are so near in this divided gloom
That every little gesture presupposes
Your sad eyes following me, behind the roses.
I seem to taste your cigarette, not mine.
We savour the silence like a rich, sweet wine.
And yet beyond a doubt
(For your little light was always going out,
And you would talk so that I need not fear
The beating of your heart)
You are not here.
And where you are I do not even know.
But you will never see the roses glow
Nor listen to the silence in this room.
And why should I suppose you lying
Upon your bed and quietly, terribly crying,
Because life is not worth living,
And death seems not worth dying.

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ABOUT FASHIONS AND OTHER THINGS

By Mary Pitcairn

The many social fixtures for June, including as they do the Richmond Horse Show, Ascot, and various garden functions and charity balls, have had their usual effect on designs for the latter part of the season. This year we have to be more than usually grateful to their influence, which is all on the side of a grace that is not exaggerated, but combines a varied line with an air of fluttering daintiness.

Thus we find definitely established as the leading summer mode the lace frock that is without rival for such ends and such events, belonging, as it does, to all ages and periods, and as possible of attaining perfection in its simplest as in its most wilfully elaborate forms. Amongst the latter, indeed, there are many models whose aim, apparently, is to puzzle the uninitiated beholder, for so manifold and complex are the artfully contrived draperies that it remains a mystery to all but the wearer and the costumier concerned as to how they ever achieve their position on the human form. I saw one, carried out in handsome Spanish lace, which had a series of draped flounces, caught up at one side to form a cascade that drooped well below the hem level. The lace cloak was an indivisible part of the scheme, inasmuch as its outer edges rolled wonderfully over the arms, making long close sleeves, while yet flowing freely from the back of the gown.

Designs that content themselves with the gathered lace apron or tiered arrangements have a partiality for allying taffetas to their initial charms. A striking instance is afforded by a race frock that combined a triple flounced skirt of creamy Chantilly with a black silk bodice, closely-fitting in front, and having a series of downward-hanging ribbon loops by way of coat-tails. Another distinctive frock was fashioned of the most delicately tinted shot silk—a charming revival—the simple bodice of which was of the cross-over variety, terminating in long silk ends over a skirt of minute frills of black lace.

Taffetas are allied with georgette for numerous semi-ceremonious frocks for both day and evening wear, thereby ousting the ubiquitous brocades of last season. The approved style is to have the back of the dress carried out in silk, while the front and elbow-length sleeves are of softer stuff in a definitely contrasting tint to the taffetas, although it may be embroidered and girdled to match.

Before quite leaving the subject of lace—a difficult task, these days—I must refer to the charming mantles which have now succeeded in invading the sphere of the ballroom as well as the lawns. Originally rather long, floating affairs of finest lace, the newest designs show a double cape of the same filmy substance or of tulle, the effect being as of one large piece of material folded on itself in such wise that the under length falls to the waist, while that above is merely like a deep collar. For evening wear frock after frock displays this quaint little drapery, which is charming. Lace is also much seen for the high yoke and close-fitting sleeves of the afternoon gown, but here care is necessary, since some patterns have anything but a becoming effect when outlined so perfectly against the skin. The same discretion is necessary, too, when choosing one of the big lace hats which so triumphantly lead the van where millinery is concerned. Awkward shadows are sometimes cast by the semi-transparent brim. Fruit has been much in evidence for trimming hats both large and small. Such adornments have grown enormously this season, so that the counterfeit cherries and grapes are often considerably greater than Nature's output, and the size of such usual fruit as lemons, while not quite so exaggerated, is sufficient to conjure up visions of long cool drinks on hot days!

It should be noted by the wise that evening dresses are not nearly so addicted to the extended décolletage as formerly. Bare backs are no longer bearable! Recent models all show a return to a distinct "back" of some sort, and where the main material is not so employed, some such device is utilized as the transparent mantle already mentioned, or draperies of tulle that are caught on one shoulder, and definitely veil the back when crossing to their next mooring-point among the folds of the further side. One of the most charming frocks was designed for

THE ROSE IN THE WILDERNESS

"MRS. DESPARD," announced the maid. For the minute the name was unfamiliar; then, as a very perfectly-tailored girl came into the room I laughed.

"Why, Ruth, I was just wondering who the stranger was. I always forget my friends' married names. Tea, Marie, and hot buttered toast. Sit down, Ruth, you've happened in on coal and butter day. Well, how goes it?"

The firelight flickered on a pretty face that was momentarily hardened in a rather worried look.

"Fairly well," she said, as she loosened her furs. "Fact is, I've come to say good-bye. I've had a cable from David, and he wants me to go out to Australia to him on the next boat. Of course, I'll love to see him again, but it's all rather uprooting, isn't it? I've never lived on a ranch in my life, and I think I shall be rather homesick at first."

I sympathized, and we talked for some time. Then she said: "You know I'm rather worried by the frivolous problem of keeping my looks. David told me that what first attracted him was the fact that I looked so different from most Australian women. But under Australian conditions, shall I be able to keep it up? For example, I have my hair washed and waved at a hairdresser's every fortnight: that will be impossible in my new life. And I look hideous with straight hair."

"Why, that's easily solved: take out a good supply of silmerine with you; once out there you can order it from Sydney, which will be your nearest town. You only want to damp your hair with it slightly and put it in slides or a curler or two, which can easily be concealed under a boudoir cap. Get your hair accustomed to silmerine treatment on the voyage out; then, by the time you land, it will probably have developed a distinct natural tendency to curl, and will only occasionally need damping. Of course, it is much better for the hair than to sap all its gloss and vitality with hot irons. For a home shampoo, I think you cannot beat stallax; a teaspoonful of stallax granules to a cup of hot water will make the most delicious foaming lather, which cleanses the hair splendidly. You'll be able to dry it in the sun in no time in that gorgeous climate! If I were you, I should always keep some reliable tonic in the house, for you never know when your hair may require a little stimulating. Yes, boranium and bay rum is excellent; I always use it. I should take some boranium out with you. You can get it in very convenient little packages. Also, I think it would be a very wise plan to keep some tammalite by you; dark hair like yours has a very disconcerting habit of turning grey in patches. Why don't you take out some tammalite? You may not need it for a long time, but it will keep. If your hair does show a tendency to fade, you have only to dissolve two ounces of tammalite in three ounces of bay rum, and you have a wonderful hair restorer ready for use."

"Why, that seems too good to be true!" exclaimed Ruth. "I must write that down. Now, Estelle, I am going to worry you some more. What kind of complexion cream should I take? I want something that lasts, that doesn't take up much room, and above all, that really does keep one's skin in condition."

"The answer to the riddle is mercolized wax," I replied. "A couple of ounces, such as chemists usually sell, lasts for three or four months; it is solid, compact, and not wasteful to use, and it's the finest complexion beautifier there is. Its great merit is that instead of making the skin dull by clogging the pores with grease, as too many 'face creams' do, it gently absorbs the dull outer tissue, which gets coarsened by hard water, dirt, and so on, and reveals the dazzling freshness of the new skin below. Of course, in a hot climate where the sun and dust tend to ruin even the prettiest skins, it will be simply invaluable. I'll give you another useful tip: be sure to provide yourself with some tablets of stymol; then, if you happen to have a blackhead, you have only to melt one tablet in a little warm water, bathe the blackhead, and you will be able to remove it, without the slightest difficulty, with a clean towel."

"Thanks so much; I'm sure I shall be as grateful as grateful to you when I'm in the wilds of Australia. Of course, I shan't need powder, because since I discovered cleminite I haven't needed it."

"No, you couldn't do better than carry on with cleminite," I assured her. "I can't think why more women don't give up the old-fashioned messy powder and use that nice lotion instead. Well, Ruth, I think you'll blossom in the desert alright, if you are wise and take care of your looks."

"I hope I'll be able to," she said, "because however much one loves adventures and roughing it, I don't want to become a masculine-looking woman. After all, David liked me as he found me, and it's up to me to try and stay the same. I'm afraid my hands will get awfully red with scrubbing and so on," she laughed ruefully, "but still, it's not a big price for so much."

"You needn't suffer that much," I said, "if you use bicrolium jelly to get the dirt out of the cracks and take away the rough red look. When you have massaged them well, dust lightly with a little talc powder, and your hands will stay as pretty and white as they are now."

"I must go," she said, rising; "I don't in the least want to, but there are so many people to see. . . . Will you come and see me off? I sail on Friday fortnight . . . good-bye . . . good-bye . . ."

"Good-bye, Ruth, and the very best of luck to you both . . . write to me, won't you . . . good-bye."

a stage trousseau going out East, and showed a gown of Nile green charmeuse veiled in heavily patterned bronze-gold lace, with floating shoulder draperies of bronze and green tulle. For the same lady there was a dinner dress of saffron hue, brocaded in silver, and consisting apparently of a simple bodice and single wide panel of the material. But a surprise awaited the onlooker when the wearer turned and revealed an underdress of vivid Chinese blue that gleamed through clouds of silver tulle. Another "surprise frock" is worn by José Collins in the last act of "A Southern Maid." Her black gown, wonderfully brocaded and extremely full at either side, has a small pointed "stomacher" of diamonds and jet shoulder-straps. From one of these last, and completely hidden till the artiste turns up-stage, there depends a starry trail of scarlet blossoms that wander downwards to the hem, there to gain something more than a glimpse of the underskirt, which is covered with looped sprays of the same bright flower.

Another clever touch is in José Collins's headdress; the narrowest of scarlet ribbons encircles her forehead *en route* to the triple Spanish comb, diamond-studded. Spanish headdresses grow more and more noticeable for evening wear, especially at the Opera; but few people have really the art, not to mention the features, for this particular type of headdressing. When a giant comb is not in evidence, quite heavy floral garnitures are worn, and on more than one occasion I have seen big bunches of curling ostrich-plumes set at one side of the coiffure. Both coloured and black feathers are used in this way with good effect, and one or more plumes should dip distinctly shoulderwards.

A CARNIVAL

All who are interested in the Grand Fancy Dress Carnival in aid of the Alexandra Hospital, which is to be held at Sherry's, Middle Street, Brighton, on June 25th, should get their tickets, of which there are only a limited number, as early as possible.

The first 250 tickets are being sold at 10s. 6d. each and the remainder at 15s. 6d.; it therefore behoves all who can to get their tickets before the first 250 are disposed of.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Hove, who will act as judges, will also distribute the prizes.

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